...S AND STEAMBOATS.

...VERLAND ROUTE.

...Pacific Railroad.

...ge to Chicago & the East.
...to Council Bluffs, St. Joseph,
...enworth, Kansas City, Denver,
...y, St. Louis, Indianapolis,
...t. New Orleans, and all
...south and southeast,
VIA
...L and MINNEAPOLIS.

...HERN PACIFIC R.R.

...ONLY Line Running
...r Trains,
...Palace Sleeping Cars,
...ining Cars (meals 75c),
...t Day Coaches,
...Sleepers (free of charge),
...egon and Oregon Points
...The East
...L AND MINNEAPOLIS.
...R YOUR TICKETS READ
...ern Pacific R. R. and avoid
...change of cars.

...at 1 P. M. daily; arrive at M
...at noon, fourth day.
...CIFIC DIVISION
...and 9 daily at 11 45 A. M., arrive
...M., connecting with Co's boats to
...Sound.
...Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul.
...ON, Gen'l Ware'n Pass. Agent,
...do. 2 Washington st., Portland.

...y & Navigation Co.

...the East leaves Ash street
...at 3:00 P. M. Arrives
...the East at 10.30 A. M.

...n Sleeping Cars
...Paul, Council Bluffs and
...Dayton.

...D AND SAN FRANCISCO.

...AND. FROM SAN FRANCISCO.
...dnight, Leaving Spear st. wharf at
...at 10 A. M., as follows

Aug.	1 Columbia, Tues	Aug. 4
"	5 State, Saturday	" 8
"	9 Oregon, Wed	" 12
"	13 Columbia, Sunday	" 16
"	17 State, Thurs	" 20
"	21 Oregon, Monday	" 24
"	25 Columbia, Friday	" 28
	29 State, Tuesday	Sept. 1
Sept.	2	

...ceived on morning of sailing excep
...ers, and these not after 9 A. M.
...serves the right to change steamer

...TO ASTORIA, CLATSOP
...CH AND ILWACO.
...RFRONT DOCK, PORTLAND, DAILY
(except Sunday)
...A. M. Monday, Wednesday and Fri
...Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday
...2:30 A. M. Tuesdays, Thursdays and
...to Astoria at 12, noon, Wednesdays,
...P. M. Sundays.
...at 6 A.M. Tuesday, Thursdays and
...oria—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fri
...connection with the "West" and
...57 Livacc and Clatsop Beach.
...COLUMBIA RIVER.
...AND 7 A. M. DAILY (except Sunday)
...to connect with Puget Sound line
...etc., every day at 11 45 A. M.

...ailway Co., Limited, Line.
...ARROW GAUGE.
...gust 1st Trains will be run daily
...(Sundays excepted.)
...O. & C. R. R. and Woodburn.
ARRIVE.
...R. R. 7.30 A. M. { Silverton, 3:03 P M
...L. Line 8.30 A M { Portland, 4.25 P M
...R. and Lebanon Junction
...R. 4.00 P M { Brownsville, 10 00 P M
...L. Line 3.50 A.M { Portland 10 05 A.M
...a O. & C. R. R. and White's.
...R. R. 9 A. M { Dallas 5 35 P M
...L. Line { Monmouth 6 30 P M
... 8 A.M { Portland, 3 00 P M
... 10 A.M {
...and baggage checked through to all
...e, corner Second and Stark sts. and
...R. foot of F st. Portland.
...CHAS. N. STEVENS, Receiver
...Line Offices, Woodburn, Or

...ND TO CALIFORNIA
VIA
...& California R. R.
...And Connections.
...TWO AND A HALF DAYS.
...rancisco $25; to Sacramento $20
...ons made at Ashland with stages of
...Oregon Stage Company

...LY (EXCEPT SUNDAYS.)
...est Side Division.
...ORTLAND AND ASHLAND
Mail Train.
ARRIVE.
...30 A. M. Ashland ... 4.15 A. M.
...30 P. M. Portland ... 4.25 P. M.
...ssenger Express Train.
ARRIVE.
...00 P. M. Lebanon ... 9 00 P. M.
...45 A. M. Portland ... 10 05 A. M
...Sleeping Cars daily between Port-
...

...Every mistake connection with all the
...the East Side Div. from foot of F St.
...est Side Division.
...ORTLAND AND CORVALLIS
Mail Train.
ARRIVE.
...00 A. M. Corvallis ... 4.30 P. M.
...30 A. M. Portland ... 3.30 P. M.
...Express Train.
ARRIVE.
...00 P. M. McMinnville ... 9:00 P. M.
...45 A. M. Portland ... 8:30 A. M.
...ade and baggage checked at com-
...nies, cor Stark and Second streets,
...pal points in California can only be
...gage checked at company's office,
...and Front Sts. Portland, Or.
...ets received for Salmon Leap, Sil-
...either the East or West Side Divisions.
H. F. ROGERS,
...ent. G. P. & Pass. Agent.

...RCE,
...r at 37 Court Place, now at
...t Street, Louisville, Ky
...d Fourth
...ly qualified physician and the
...this practice will prove
...forms of PRIVATE
...and SEXUAL DI...

...rrhea and Impotency,
...ness in youth sexual excesses in ma-
...rvous, and prostrating some of the fol-
...sases. Seminal weakness, night emis-
...ness of Sight, Defective Memory, Phy-
...ness, Aversion to Society of Females,
...ness of Sexual Power &c., resulting
...ontempt, are thoroughly and perma-
...PEEDILY relieved and in a
...Consultation Free.
...ce, Orpheum Hermia or Rupture
...ssfully cured.
...ts who cannot personally call can be
...ully and privately treated at home
...Physicians keep constantly in attend-
...to any case. When it is inconvenient to
...ersonal consultation, medicines can be sent privately
...ll parts of the country anywhere.
...Guaranteed in all Cases
...ence by one or by letter free and invi-
...ll correspondence strictly confidential.

...ATE COUNSELOR
...any address securely sealed, for Ninety
...ts, by Dr. M. Sanden & Son,
...M. to 7 P. M. Sundays 9 to 5 P. M.

...CONSULT
...N MONISCAR
...Third St., Portland, Or.
...CT PRIVACY UPON ALL
...ND CHRONIC DISEASES.
NERVOUS Debility Sperm
...atorrhœa, Seminal Emissions, Impo-
...ual Decay, Failing Memory
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...ure for life
...cases with or without dreams
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...to consult confidentially. If in town
...Delays are dangerous.
...ERS of the Ear Throat or on or
...of External Deafness or Paralysis
...Odgen. The closest Drug store
...furnished in my own laboratory
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...l Tumors permanently removed
...ssafe, or the loss of a single drop
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...Treatment Strictly Confi...

...TS Less...
...Prescription Specialty for the
...ure of Debility in Men from early
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...ing manhood. The
...TREATMENT
...ded in America, solely on the merits
...ts cures, sent to boys, or others
...ed, ready for use. Pamphlet
...ork on Diseases of
...Brain and Nerves
...Nervousness, Nervous Debility, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Sexual Exhaustion, Self-Abuse, Aversion to Society of Females,
...Loss of Sexual Power &c., resulting
...ontempt, are thoroughly and perma-
...PEEDILY relieved and in a
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...ssfully cured.
...ts who cannot personally call can be
...ully and privately treated at home
...Physicians keep constantly in attend-
...to any case. When it is inconvenient to
...ersonal consultation, medicines can be sent privately
...ll parts of the country anywhere.
...Guaranteed in all Cases
...ence by one or by letter free and invi-
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...ulcer, Kidney and Bladder Trou
...Burial Urine Incontinence Gon
...rrhœa Free trial examining exam
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...l Tumors permanently removed
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...Treatment Strictly Confi...

The Sunday Oregonian.

VOL. 4, NO. 33. PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY, AUGUST 16, 1885. PRICE TEN CENTS.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Memories of the Famous Kent Murder Recently Recalled

Liberation of the Murderer—Personal Notes on the 'Pall Mall Gazette'—Miscellaneous Political and Literary Notes

(Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian)

LONDON, August 1, 1885

A WILTSHIRE TRAGEDY

Constance Kent who was sentenced to penal servitude for life for the brutal murder which caused a great sensation twenty-five years ago was liberated yesterday on a ticket of leave. Owing to the convict's good conduct she was released much sooner than had been expected.—*London Standard, July 18, 1885.*

This paragraph in the daily press recalls to my memory the incidents of a mysterious tragedy, the story of which is among the strangest of my journalistic recollections. On the night of June 28, 1860, the infant son of Mr Saville Kent, of Roadhill house, a family mansion in Wiltshire, was taken sleeping from his cot and murdered. The police and neighbors at first came to the conclusion that the crime had been committed by an inmate of the house. Mr. Kent, the father of the child, was the only male inmate. The other members of the family were Miss Kent, Mary Ann Kent, Elizabeth Kent and William Kent, (children of Mr Kent's first wife), and three children, two girls and the murdered boy, by the second wife and there were three domestic servants, Elizabeth Gough, the nursemaid (in whose room the murdered child slept), Sarah Cox, and the cook, Sarah Kerslake. The two elder Miss Kents slept together. Constance and William had separate rooms. Gough, the nursemaid, had an infant in bed with her and slept, as I have said, in the room where the victim slept in his cot. The cook and the housemaid occupied a chamber together. When the child was missed Gough thought Mrs Kent had taken it to her room finding this was not so, she went to the elder Miss Kent's, and they were both asleep going to Miss Constance Kent's room she found that young lady dressed and listening at the door. The child was found in a closet with its throat cut. An inquest was held, and a verdict of "willful murder against some person or persons unknown was returned," but the inference to be drawn from the evidence was that there had been some illicit meeting between Mr Kent and the nursemaid Gough, and that the little boy, having seen and heard more than they liked, they murdered him and I remember that a good deal of stress was laid upon the extraordinary conduct of the father when the discovery of the body was made. Although the pressmen who reported the proceedings and Whicher, the London detective who had been sent for to help the local authorities, thought the evidence pointed rather at young Miss Constance Kent as the murderess Elizabeth Gough, the nursemaid, was arrested and held in durance for some time. Ultimately she was discharged and a large reward offered for the capture and conviction of the real criminal. Four days afterwards, by the advice of Whicher, Constance Kent was arrested. There he calumnies against the father broke out afresh. He behaved badly to his first wife's children, though he was not happy with his second wife, and Elizabeth Gough was his paramour. Mr. Kent was an inspector of factories. Paragraphs appeared hinting that he was a cruel and not a moral man and as it turned out there was not a word of truth in all this though some people would have hanged poor Kent on the strength of the scandalous gossip. Why do people like to believe the worst when their neighbors are charged with immorality and crime? Constance Kent was indicted before the magistrates and the case was the sensation of the day. She excited much commiseration as her conduct in the bench was that of suffering and resigned innocence. After a long and somewhat dramatic investigation the magistrates discharged her upon entering into her own recognizance to surrender should she be charged for trial. A month later a tramp named Gregg confessed to the murder and during a few days gave rise to new theories in regard to the crime but Gregg was discharged as a drunken impostor. Later in the year a body of memorialists induced the home secretary to institute a private investigation of the case—a very remarkable and certainly an unconstitutional course—the result of which was the second arrest of Miss Beth Gough. The strongest evidence against Constance Kent was a blood stained night gown which medical evidence substantiated as not to her discredit. She had three night dresses one was strangely missing, and even anxiously found secreted in a boiler flue in the kitchen and covered with blood.

But the home secretary's investigators were bitten with the local gossip against Kent and the nurse but the poor woman was released by the magistrate on her own personal bail after a severe ordeal, and she "came out of it," says a London *Times* writer who was present, "with a reputation thoroughly unsullied." At the same trial Mr Counsel Saunders, who supported the charge against Elizabeth Gough, took occasion to declare that having carefully examined every point in the case with the utmost care he had "come to the conclusion that every other person had come to who had investigated the case, that there was not the slightest shadow of a pretense for saying that the young lady, Miss Constance Kent, had the faintest participation in the odious crime which had been laid at her door." Mr Saunders also took upon himself to express an emphatic opinion that "there were at least two part es to the murder July 21, 1861, and Mr Coleridge now lord chief justice) was one of the counsel retained to defend her. Mr Justice Willes was the judge. She was pressed by her attorney before entering the court if she persisted in her confession, and the judge gave her every opportunity to plead guilty, but she was calm and steadfast in her purpose. At last on a closing appeal the judge said

"I must repeat that you are charged with having wilfully intentionally and with malice killed and murdered your brother—are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, my lord," was the reply, in a low but firm voice.

The plea being recorded Mr Coleridge rose and said with evident emotion "My lord, and gentlemen of the jury. As counsel for Constance Emile Kent, acting in her behalf and by her direct instructions, I desire to say two things before your lordship passes sentence. First—so entirely, and in the presence of Almighty God, as a person who values her own soul, she desires me to say that the guilt is hers alone, and that her father and others who have so long suffered most unjust and cruel suspicions are wholly and absolutely innocent. Next she desires me to say that she was not driven to this act, as has been asserted, by any unkind treatment of her mother-in-law. She met with nothing at home but tender and forebearing love, and I hope I may add, my lord, not improperly, that it gives me a melancholy pleasure to be made the organ of these statements, because, on my honor, I believe them to be true."

Then sentence of death was pronounced in touching terms, the judge binding at a hope that her majesty the queen, in whom the prerogative of mercy rests, might be advised to exercise that prerogative because of the prisoner's youth, and that she was convicted on her own confession. The prisoner received with her previous fortitude the crushing order that she should in due course be taken from "the place where you now stand to the place whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck until your body be dead." She was afterward reprieved on the ground of insanity (which had existed on her mother's side through several generations) and sentenced to transportation. To-day, still a young woman, of a mild and gentle manner, and with, I am told, a complexion but little changed, but having "the religious expression of face common to the most devoted Sister of Mercy," she is once more in the world and of it. He is a sensational novel sketched in two chapters that might well be extended into twenty and at the end you could write the hackneyed motto "Truth is stranger than fiction."

PERSONAL NOTES ON THE 'PALL MALL GAZETTE'

Now that the government decides to prosecute in this case there will be a flood of obscene literature let loose upon our thoroughfares. Placards of the most filthy character will be painted before the eyes of women and children night and day and they will mean gain. The Mall elated with its victory to drive us some more scenes of "Modern Babylon," illustrated with the pencil instead of the pen. There can be no prosecution—it is all in the cause of morality. God help morality when it has to be maintained by disturbing the minds of our daughters and sisters.—*G. R. Sims in the Referee.*

Mr Yates Thompson is the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Everybody is asking who he is. He is the son in law of Mr Smith (of the famous firm of Smith & Elder, the publishers), founder of the *Pall Mall*, chief proprietor of the Apollinaris Water Company and a very excellent fellow. Mr Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall*, projector and chief author of "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon" as the sensational articles in the *Pall Mall* were called), was formerly editor of the *Northern Echo*. His journalism is emotional, and he had made several distinct *Pall Mall* successes before he entered upon his immoral crusade. On the second day of his "exposures" of "the ruin of young girls" in London, Mr Yates Thompson, I am told and I see no consultation with his father-in-law and Mr James Payn, the literary adviser of Smith & Elder. Both these gentlemen I am told were horrified at what had been done and based such arguments with Mr Yates Thomson as to send him down post haste to stop the publication of any further revelations. Mr Thomson put his foot down wherefore his editor, Mr Stead, put on his hat. "Where are you going?" "To leave the office never to return." "Don't do that," said Thomson. "You gave me four days for the publication of this matter if you do not adhere to the understanding I leave the *Pall Mall*." Thomson, fearing that his paper would go down with a run, withheld Stead of the helm gave way. Leon Bloch, of the Saturday Review, had already backed Stead with his support. Cardinal Manning and a few terribly parrot High Church clergymen also supported him. These "religious reformers" organized meetings and got up public manifestations in support of Stead and his "noble work." They drummed up their provincial allies and a tremendous effort was made to neutralize the discomfiture of the paper by the great wholesale news agents. Mr Booth, of the Salvation army wrote to the queen about the Criminal Amendment bill, in the interest of which the *Pall Mall* claimed to be working, the queen sent a kindly reply through Lady Dorothy Nevill. The *Pall Mall* organized its communion of iniquity and the paper has lived through the tremendous ordeal. Whether it will keep up its sale remains to be seen. I think it will—not among the upper middle class, but among the Salvation army people among the emotional religionists, and possibly among the lower strata of the radicals. In many respectable and well-ordered homes it is to-day Mr Stead is following out the Salvation army tactics in regard to the fund proposed to him for "Investigation, Prevention and Rescue." He declines to have a committee to render any account or to be responsible to any one. He will do what he thinks best with the money intrusted to him. If "would-be subscribers" cannot trust him they had better not send him any money. "I will not," he says, "receive a sixpence which I am not as free to spend as I choose, how I choose and when I choose, as if it were my own private pocket money." Gen Booth of the Salvation Army, is an unlearned yet successful tactician. The army possesses enormous properties—freeholds and leaseholds all over the country. They are all in Mr Booth's name. He is practically the sole owner, and though thousands of pounds are annually pumped in by the coffers he renders no accounts to any one. Of course it is all right. I am not going to doubt it and of course Mr Stead is the soul of honor as of courage. But with all such recklessness we are a confiding and trustful people still—are we not?

A PALL MALL ALLY

As the elections of *Town Talk* have not risen in less rapid in certain quarters as to be, to state that it is the object of the conductors of this purely inexpensive fraud to affect a fifth of each sort. We will do drive immorality from the streets and wherever lessen ation for the young it would not be resolved to expose it so that it may be eventually removed. *Town Talk's Tales.*

Town Talk, which has been the subject of more than one prosecution has recited upon the suggestion of Mr Sims in the *Referee*, that the pencil as well as the pen may be imported into the "noble cause" of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The revelations are illustrated in *Town Talk* of this week, and the pictures include the bedroom of a young "victim," with the leery old gentleman—the Minotaur drawing the curtains. *Town Talk* warmly applauds the *Pall Mall* for supporting *Town Talk's* revelations, and announces among its reprints "a highly interesting *Town Tone* of indecent whipping and other educational works, none of which I imagine, can compete with the *Pall Mall's* pamphlet—a reprint of its series of 'Maiden Tribute' articles now being sold in the streets, for twopence. The profits of this brochure are to be absorbed by the unit alluded to above. The *Standard* is the only daily which has denounced the *Pall Mall* and the authorities in permitting its abominable placards to be exhibited in the streets but *Town Talk* furnishes to the *Pall Mall's* defense. "All honor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, defying alike the contemptuous contemplation of prudish prints and the bitter animosity of the fiends who have been held up to scorn and reprobation, has cast off the trammels of so called respectability and joined me in my crusade against filth and vice, and allied itself to *Town Talk* in testifying to the horrible crime which damn our civilization." A new card appeared this week, called *Daily Events*, and its first article on "Sensational Journalism," laments the action of the *Pall Mall*, and points out as significant the fact that no medical man is on the journal's committee of investigation. *Daily Events*

(Concluded on Seventh Page.)

SOME FAMOUS FUNERALS.

How New York has Honored Her Sons and the Nation's Heroes

The Burial of Hamilton—The First President Buried in New York—The First Funeral Oration in America—The Tribute to Garfield

(Written for the Sunday Oregonian)

The funeral of Gen Grant, completely as it fills the horizon to-day, is not the first by many of the tributes of public grief and public honor that it has fallen to New York's lot to pay to her own and to national heroes. The last services in memory of the great are always the charge of the community which they have served. New York has never lacked duties of this sort, and has seldom failed in the performance of them. Public funerals dot her annals from the revolution down.

Two of the most striking figures of the early days of the republic, Hamilton, Jefferson's great opponent, and Gallatin, the most distinguished of all European-born citizens that have risen to eminence in American politics, rest in Trinity churchyard. Both residents of New York, neither died within its limits. Gallatin had retreated to Astoria before the cholera, Hamilton fell on the heights of Weehawken. In death the city took them both home. There is a curious old book published in 1804 by Wm Coleman then editor of the New York *Evening Post*, which gives a full account of the public demonstration at the death of Alexander Hamilton. It was on Wednesday, the 11th of July, 1804, that Hamilton's duel with Aaron Burr took place. On the next day he died. According to the report of the New York *Gazette*

Immediately after his decease the bells announced that he was no more. On the morning of the day of his funeral all the bells were muffled and tolled from 6 to 7 o'clock. They began again at 10 and tolled till the procession reached the church. The ships in the harbor exhibited the usual tokens of mourning and minute guns were fired from the forts and from American and foreign armed vessels.

Resolved unanimously, That a committee of three be appointed to make such arrangements in behalf of and as the charge of the common council of the city of New York for performing the funeral obsequies of the deceased as the said committee shall judge necessary and expedient.

The funeral ceremonies were directed by the Society of the Cincinnati, and the next issue of the *Daily Advertiser* announces

Business as universally suspended and the whole city prepared to perform or witness the funeral rites paid to the illustrious deceased. About noon the different bodies forming the procession having taken their respective places, the corpse was taken from the house of John B Church, Esq in Robinson street and the whole began to move. The sides of the streets were crowded the windows were filled with spectators and many climbed into trees and got on the tops of houses. Hardly a whisper was to be heard but tears were to be seen rolling down the cheeks of the multitude. Arrived at the Battery the body was received after its arrival at the foot of Hamilton's young sons who at his ascended a light projected for that and delivered a pathetic address.

This funeral oration is quoted by Coleman who says that it, "being pronounced slowly and impressively, was easily committed to memory and, being very soon afterward placed on paper is presumed to be correct, even to the language. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the infantry and artillery of New York formed in a hollow square inside Trinity church yard and fired three volleys over the grave.

Next to the tomb of Hamilton that of Albert Gallatin is perhaps the oftenest visited of the old monuments of Trinity. The ablest of Hamilton's immediate successors in the treasury, and one of the great quartet of American financiers, Gallatin, lived to a ripe old age in New York city, to die almost unnoticed in the terrible summer of 1849, when the cholera was raging, private sorrow forgotten in public calamity, honor to the dead neglected in fears for the living. Montgomery Bent remembers. New York revolutionary worthies, who made fortunate in his day and generation. The city was not content to leave him resting where he fell before Quebec, clearing on his troops with the cry "Men of New York, you will not fear to follow where your general leads." And so in 1818, when the second war with Great Britain had made Canada seem once more like foreign soil inhospitable to the hero's bones, a long, slow flotilla escorted his body down the Hudson and the city buried him with every show of remembrance and respect under a mural tablet at the old church of St. Paul's.

James Monroe was the first of our presidents to die outside the limits of his native state, and the first to find sepulchre in New York city. Dying, like Adams and Jefferson, on the fourth of July, President Monroe's remains were interred in the second street cemetery on the 7th of July, 1831. The ceremonies of the occasion were probably the most imposing witnessed up to that time in New York city. The announcement of his death was appropriately noticed by the various legislative, literary, commercial and judicial bodies of New York, who unanimously passed resolutions expressive of high regard, and announced their intention of being present at the funeral. A guard of honor escorted the body from the residence of Samuel L Gouverneur, Monroe's son in law to the City Hall park, where it was laid upon a table draped with black cloth, in the presence of a great concourse of people. The Bowery and Chatham street, through which the corpse was carried, were hung in black from end to end, the city bells tolled, one minute guns were fired from Fort Columbus, black cloth fringed with gold covered the cars which were drawn by grizzly horses. The stars and stripes were reversed, and from the middle panels, and black ostrich waves from the top. In front of the city hall the throbbing crowd listened to an address from President Dyer, of Columbia college, after which the body was taken to St. Paul's, where the solemn service of the Episcopal church was read by Bishop Onderdonk. The procession arranged by the committee of the common council, comprised a division of artillery, the battalions of infantry, the clergy of New York and Brooklyn, hearse with eight pall bearers followed by the surviving civilians, the mayor of New York, the board of aldermen, the society of the Cincinnati, the faculties, faculty, trustees and students of Columbia college, the university of the city, foreign ministers and consuls, judges, members of congress senate and assembly of state legislature president and trustees of the village of Brooklyn board of trade, chamber of commerce, citizens of Brooklyn, citizens of New York. The line of march was up Broadway to Bleecker street, the militia forming in open order on each side of Broadway and Second streets while the balance of the procession marched into the cemetery. The vault in the Marble cemetery, in Second street, where the coffin was laid, is covered by a slab bearing the inscription, "James Monroe. Robert Tillotson's vault. No 117." But the ex-president's body rests there no longer.

In 1858 the state of Virginia reclaim d the remains of all that was left of James Monroe was taken from New York, where he had found refuge in his poverty and old age, back to his native state, which had honored his prime but had neglected to nourish his decay. The ceremony of removal was accomplished with even more than the pomp of the original burial. New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City hung their fleets at half mast and draped their public buildings in black. The coffin, not at all decayed but with the bright polish of its mahogany a little worn, lay in state in the Church of the Annunciation, on West fourteenth street, on Friday July 1, after which it was escorted in long procession through an unbroken mass of curious and excited humanity to the city hall. Resting under the national colors for a short while, on the morning of July 2, 1858, the seventh regiment, the New York National guard, with colors shrouded in black, escorted the body on board the steamship Jamestown and accompanied it to Virginia, delivering to the South her own before the great conflict.

The day of the funeral of Irving at Sunnyside in November 1859, was observed as a period of mourning in New York. No other literary man has ever endeared himself to the city as did Washington Irving and in accordance with the feelings of proprietorship of which the community has always felt in him and his labors, the common council walked behind his coffin. At the ceremonies mendation of the mayor bells were tolled at the funeral hour from all the fire alarm towers and from all the churches. Brooklyn joined in the demonstration. In both cities flags were hung at half mast and crape displayed profusely. Irving died in season to escape the civil war when all minor griefs were forgotten in the passion of tears about the coffin of Lincoln, Wednesday, April 19, 1865.

On the day of the Washington funeral services were held in all the churches of Brooklyn and New York. Monday, April 24, the body reached New York on its way to Springfield. The scene in the two cities was most imposing. The car of the transportation of the remains was said to be the first—unfortunately it has not been the last—railroad structure of the kind in America. Robed completely in black, the crape folds festooned above, below and between the windows, the car was drawn by a new engine, also draped in black, and every glittering point hid, preceded by a pilot engine hung with the same heavy mourning. The funeral train was bearing the dead president to his Illinois home by much the same route he had taken from Springfield to Washington in 1861. But of the second that conducted him to the capital three only—David Davis, Major-Gen Hunter and Ward H Lamar—attended him to New York on the sad return.

Early in the morning the people collected along Desbrosses street waiting for the arrival from Jersey City. The sashes were taken from all the windows to give the better view, and dense masses of heads appeared in every direction. The Seventh regiment received the coffin in the middle of a hollow square, and then, preceded by the police, Gen Dix, aldermen and city officials, the procession moved up Hudson to Canal street, through it and Broadway to the city hall. Borne on the sturdy shoulders of the veteran Reserve corps, the coffin was taken into the rotunda amid the thunder of cannon, the wailing of bells, and the slow notes of "Old Hundred" from the spires of Trinity. An army of quiet men and women filled the park. As the bearers touched the stairs of the city hall, the "Pilgrims' Chorus" rang out from the lips of 800 German singers, followed by Schubert's startling "Chorus of the Spirits."

When the public were admitted to the rotunda to look upon the dead face they found the entire circle hung with black, relieved only by the colors of national, state and city flags. Above the catafalque perched a silver eagle with folded wings and drooping head. Within all was crape and velvet, lightened by a few silver stars. At the west gate of the park the multitude stood twenty abreast and three blocks deep. Down Murray street the scene was the same. Across Printing House square and up Chatham street to Mulberry dense masses of humanity stood waiting. All night long the people came and when, at noon next day, the coffin was closed, though 200,000 had been admitted, crowds went away in disappointment. Twelve gray horses, each led by a colored groom, drew the funeral car on which the dead chief was borne up Broadway to Union square. A canopy of fine black cloth overhung it, heavily trimmed with silver bullion fringe. The procession moved in eight divisions, the eighth made up wholly of Brooklyn societies and citizens. Services at Union square ended the pageant, which none who saw it can forget, and so the metropolis took its leave of Lincoln.

Fourteen years after the death of Lincoln, Gen John A. Dix, who had marshaled the funeral cortege of the murdered president, was borne to his own grave. Honors which the city would have liked to pay him he refused, stipulating that no escort should accompany the remains. Despite this modest wish minute guns and drooping flags gave token of the general grief. New York and Brooklyn adjourned their courts ex governors representatives of senate and assembly the city government, Grand Army posts and his own official staff of 1861 attended the funeral at old Trinity to offer the last tribute of respect to one of New York's most honored sons. April 24, 1879, was the day of the burial. The six years that have followed have had more than their quota of illustrious deaths. The grief and tenderness that followed Peter Cooper on his last journey are not forgotten. The mourning for Garfield is too recent to bear harping upon, on this day at least, when another president, well beloved of the nation is about to be carried to his rest.

LES MISERABLES.

Observation on the Masterpiece of Modern Fiction by the Great French Writer

The deadly weight of civilization to those who are below it presses sensibly on our shoulders as we read "Les Miserables." A sort of mocking indignation grows upon us as we find society rejecting again and again the services of the most serviceable setting Jean Valjean to pick oakum, casting Galileo into prison, even crucifying Christ. There is a haunting and horrible sense of insecurity about the book. The terror we thus feel is a terror for the machinery of law, that we can hear tearing, in the dark, good and bad, between its formidable wheels with the iron stolidity of all machinery, human or divine. This terror incarnates itself sometimes, and eyes horribly out upon us when the crouching mendicant looks up, and Jean Valjean in the light of the street lamp, recognizes the face of the detective as when the outcast of the patrol flames suddenly through the dark ness of the sewer or is when the fugitive comes forth at last at evening, by the quiet river side, and finds the police there also waiting stolidly for vice, and stolidly waiting to take virtue instead. The whole book is full of oppression and full of rejoicing which is the great cause of oppression. We have the prejudices of M Gillenormand the prejudices in revolt that defend the barricade and the darned prejudices that carry it by storm. And then we have this admirable but ill written character of Javert the man who had made a religion of the police and would not survive the moment when he learns that there was another truth outside it. Javert is not a creation we wish to meet in the reader will; I will be under. With a grim oddness this good work will fall to the lot of a man in the last place of the good things of this world. One of the most agreeable things in modern literature. The whole scene at Montfermeil is full of the charm that Hugo knows so well how to throw about the children. Who can forget the passage where Cosette, sent out at night to draw water, stands in admiration before the illuminated booth and the huckster behind—"Tiens! faisait un pour l'effet de rire la Père Eternal." The pathos of the fortune-teller's hand frustingly by the chimney in expectation of the Santa Claus that was not, takes us fairly by the throat. There is nothing in Shakespeare that touches the heart more nearly. The loves of Cosette and Marius are very pure and pleasant, and we can not refuse an affection to Gavroche although we may make a mental reservation of our profound dislike of his quickness. Take it all in all, there are few books in the world that can be compared with it.—R. L. Stevenson.

Sherman "Marching Through Georgia."

Chicago Inter Ocean.

General William Tecumseh Sherman let drop a bit of information about the origin of the tune 'Marching Through Georgia' the other night at the Grand Pacific hotel, which is well worth publicity. The old warrior had on an overcoat and a straw hat. Some one suggested that the two things were not apropos. "Well," said the general, "I never thought of that, and I am to keep up my reputation for kissing pretty girls I have got to have more style about me, for they will think I am getting careless in my old age." "Don't go away to-night," remarked a bystander, "stay and we will have a serenade and the band will play Marching Through Georgia." "Good heavens," said Tecumseh, with a startled look, "I'm glad I'm going away if that's the case. Let them go to Georgia and play it all they please. I have heard it before I leave it in Ireland. A man old me over there that the tune was 'old as the hills'—an old Irish tune, and he proceeded to sing a ballad in the Irish tongue to the tune of 'Marching Through Georgia,' which he said his grandfather had taught him many years back."

Read in another column the "Great Offer" of the SUNDAY and WEEKLY OREGONIAN together.

MAX O'RELL.

The Recent Wedding of Princess Beatrice and Henry of Battenburg

Some of Beatrice's Costumes—An Examination of the Pall Mall Gazette Exposures—Latest Freak of King Ludwig of Bavaria.

(Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian)

LONDON, July 24, 1885.

The last addition to our German panic, I say out, be cause I have the honor to be a (British tax payer,) was married to Princess Beatrice yesterday, at Whippingham church, Osborne. The princess and her bridegroom will not be left to each other's society long enough to feel bored. Their honeymoon is not to last more than forty-eight hours, which the late Prince Consort, asserted in his dogmatic way, was long enough for such young couples to be left alone. Considering how small a part love plays in most royal matings, no doubt the Prince Consort was right. At the end of forty-eight hours, the queen is to lunch with the newly married couple, and from that time forth, Prince Henry of Battenburg, will be blessed by the pretty constant company of his royal mother in-law.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany refused to come to the wedding for two reasons. The first was that they were simply disgusted at the daughter of the queen of England and empress of India being married to a poor subject, the child of a morganatic marriage. Their other reason for not coming was that the Emperor William objected to his son meeting the grand duke of Hesse, who is in such bad odor at the court of Berlin.

The gowns that have been made for the royal bride are neither very numerous nor very elaborate, but her selection is marked by quiet good taste. Being a great walker, her royal highness has ordered a good provision of stout-soled, sensible boots and shoes, and her walking gowns are more numerous than her toilets for ceremonious occasions, one firm alone having made her eight of these tailor made dresses, which have been so much patronized of late. The most beautiful of her evening dresses is an inspiration in mignonette, green silk of the softest and most lustrous kind, pale pink satin and opalescent beads. A dinner dress that is sure to attract a great deal of attention, when it makes its appearance, is of ruby, almost magenta, velvet, trimmed only with embroideries of red beads. There is a pale blue satin and a printed silk muslin, but the most gorgeous, though by no means the most tasteful, is a royal Stuart plaid made in velvet to the queen's order. This may be good for trade but I fear will be bad for the complexion. No doubt, this is for wearing in Scotland, to please the loyal highlanders. Such a conglomeration of crude reds, blues, greens and yellows, would look horrible among the artistic tints worn in what is called society. If ever Oscar Wilde sees that royal Stuart plaid of the princess of Battenberg, he will certainly scream or faint.

Abject flunkeyism is already on the alert. I read in a Bristol paper that it may be accepted as a pleasing testimonial to Bristol tradesmen, that his serene highness Prince Henry of Battenberg, has had sent direct to the works of Messrs Fuller & Co., of Bristol from the Grand Ducal Mews, Darmstadt, a mail phaeton, which, in a few days, after being renovated and put together ready for use, will be forwarded to the Royal Mews. This is what I call an interesting bit-bit. We shall soon hear of the bootmaker to whom his serene highness has forwarded a pair of German boots to be renovated.

The best ball of the London season was given last Monday by the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Grosvenor House. The host and hostess were honored by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and the Marquise of Lorne, he poor for Lords husband.

I have hitherto refrained from making any comment on the recent revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which have produced in London the effect of a terrific dynamite explosion, and have sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world. Poor Mrs Grundy what bitter pills she has had to swallow. How she escaped choking is a mystery to me. I had almost made up my mind not to speak of the revolting subject to my American readers, but now that it has come to be an amusing source of abuse between French and English journals, I should like to pay my little contribution to this controversy. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has knocked down the whole scaffolding which prides itself on the much boasted English morality. To the majority of Frenchmen, an Englishman was a pretentious and selfish creature, it is true, distributing salutary tracts abroad, carrying magnificent slices of roast beef and ham, singing "Home Sweet Home," but above all a man of proverbial morality. Alas, that it should come to this! The reproach of immorality was heavily felt in France, when certain plays from the French dramatic *repertoire* were excommunicated by the English lord-chamberlain. Everything from Kate Greenaway's picture downward was idyllic, and indeed to the French mind, not Italy, but England was the paradise where no orange blossom bloomed, and that was blue, smiling as she did be all the year round, by clouds of mist impossible and shameless no cors was most unexpected. The French are astounded. The English who take delight in calling Paris the new

and pills. The truth was that Joe Smith was in such poor health that his survival was a wonder. He wintered, as we have told at Brown's Hole with some gamblers, and afterwards told Watt that he must have been crazy to remain there. But he had no money or friends, and even less of health and strength At Bridgers the train broke in small squads

Mr Watt now says it appears passing strange to him that people then came to Oregon as they did Limits but had great influence they imagined Oregon an earthly paradise they believed all reports of missionaries and mountain men, and the idea of a section of land near the seashore was attractive With young men it was an adventure, but now it seems that any married man was foolhardy to come with such uncertainties and such certainty of constant and appalling danger They knew not what to expect of Indians in Oregon when settled, nor what they would encounter on the plains British occupancy didn't trouble them, but they realized that their influence as settlers would create a possessory right. The feeling was common to all, and quite strong, that their coming would strengthen the United States' claim to hold the land It harrowed the feelings of many when they took an oath to respect the rights of Great Britain. When Thurston was in the provisional legislature he said "Mr President, I want it understood that I will see my right hand fall from my body before I will take another such an oath"

Before leaving for Oregon it was necessary that Jo should have some little supplies There was no money in the family safe The ex checker was low. So *pater familias* borrowed of a friend the munificent sum of $2 00. With this Joseph bought a pair of serviceable boots, and many a mile of mountain, desert and plain he wearily plodded on, foot-sore and tired, with those boots slung over his shoulder, paring off the ends of his buckskin pants to mend his worn out moccasins with. The small remainder he spent for "ictas" suited to the Indian trade, and many a time he smoothed the way for some siwash bargain by drawing from his pocket a fish-hook or a few pins

Speaking of the toughness of some emigrant feet, Mr Watt tells how Charles Swegle, Esq., who owns the old Whitman claim on the Walla Walla river, in 1846, on a wager, stamped down a prickly pear with his native soles, and after that won a bottle of brandy by walking fifty yards in a boiling spring stream several inches deep, where tea would draw in five minutes But then Swegle understood his interest, and prickly pear and boiling water don't often stand in the way of it. As a consequence, his interest account foots up cleverly several thousand dollars a year

PART II

On Burnt river Mr Watt, in the summer of 1844, was broadly invited by the gentleman whose team he drove, to push ahead of the wagons because food was becoming scarce and the families were likely to suffer They could drive the team some way and would try to get along without him Watt was young and willing He saw the force of the argument, and received the hint kindly enough His possessions consisted of a rifle and a cow The latter was giving milk, and was invaluable to Mr Nehemiah Martin, with whom he had bargained to come through as teamster He had no bedding even, not anticipating leaving the company before the end of the journey He took his rifle, and without asking for a morsel of anything to subsist him on the 150 miles journey on foot to Whitman's, he struck out for the Columbia That night he found an emigrant camp and got his meals And joining with Elisha Bowman they two pushed on to Powder River valley, where they found Col Ford camped and were fed again The next night they camped in Grande Ronde valley with Mr Walker (who located near Salem) who was raving for some thing to eat and threatening to kill a cow So they did not ask for any supper Having no breakfast to get they started early It had rained hard all night and they were chilled and numb That night two well known men rode up and cooked their supper, but declined to share it because they were rather short themselves They refused to share blankets also Watt was in a bad fix not having shoes and his moccasins were worn through He continually cut off the bottoms of his buck skin pants to mend his foot gearing and his legs were bare to the knees His clothes were ragged, what little he had and he would have taken a premium in the army of Flanders It was a rocky road for virtually barefooted men to traverse, and there were more plantations of the prickly pear, to complete their misfortunes

So that day they climbed the Blue mountains in a tremendous snow storm when the flakes fell about them as big as cheeses When the trail was snowed under they followed the depression the showed When that was filled even, they watched to see where wagons had grazed trees. So they managed, often having to make a "general average of the way to be taken Bowman, who had not eaten a morsel for two days, was all the time speculating and romancing about what he was going to do to make money when their journey was over Watt said "You old fool you never will get through, for here we are lost in these mountains" When they reached the west side and looked over the river, they saw a wagon overturned, a sight most alluring and satisfactory As they reached the wagon they met Hen Owen, returning for this same wagon Owen gave them a dram of whisky out of a whole keg in the wagon, and never liquor made its presence and progress known as did this raw spirits, when trickling down those two famished throats. Watt felt it to the tips of his toes They camped with Gen Gilliam that night, and ate all they dared, feeling some compunctions concerning the prospect of famine for the Gilliam family As they came away Bowman and Jo Gage, who joined them there, having friends in the camp, each stowed away a piece of bacon and chunk of bread At the Umatilla river they scared up a flock of prairie chickens and Watt shot a dozen. They camped near an Indian, of whom they borrowed a big camp kettle One of them had two shirts on and traded one to the Indian for a peck of potatoes. These they washed a little, not being over fastidious, and dumped into the kettle The smell became appetizing and Bowman exclaimed "By gosh I believe a little bacon could help that mess" and threw from his bosom the treasured morsels and dumped in bacon and bread Gage hesitated a moment and said "Gracious! Joe, your head is level on that, and drawing forth his hidden treasures poured them into the seething cauldron Their meal at Gilliam's was only tantalizing After the pot pourri was cooked they sat around the pot and ate It was then late evening, and they ate until midnight. They talked and walked and then feasted awhile longer And so, alternately resting and eating, they passed the night away making a prolonged feast of dinner, supper and breakfast, and after honestly returning the Indian his kettle, they took the trail for Whitman's, forty miles away, and made the trip without complaining of hunger or fatigue The unselfish travelers they can peel near the Grande Ronde without sharing their bed or board were close behind them all the way over the mountains When they floundered through deep and unbroken snows these generous souls rode not far behind preferring to take advantage of the tracks these barefooted men made to going ahead with their horses to break tracks for them And such is life

Whitman was their haven of hope—a step towards the Eden they were seeking They reached there and met him and told their story Mr Watt says Whitman took them in to an adobe hut with earthen floor, and bade them be at home. Soon he came with corn meal and rancid tallow, and told them that was his station of the fatted calf to cook and eat. They made corn cake and fried them in the tallow Whitman came and introduced an Indian said that was the house built for Indians that this was a very "gentle savage indeed, and he wanted them to share space with him and divide corn meal and tallow And they so shared and divided and felt humiliated worse than they did when cold and famished in the snow of the Blue mountains. Two men rode up on horseback, and perhaps because they wore better clothes they joined the family circle and ate at the family table. Such is life

When morning came there also came from Lapwai two men—H H Lee and one named Adams. The last had a loose horse, and Watt bargained to ride it to the Willamette for $10, and have their pack horse carry any provisions he might procure Then he tackled the missionary for a week's supply of provisions Watt says he wanted to have time to earn the money and then pay. "That won't do I'll never see you again. Haven't you a cow or something to trade?" That was the material view Whitman took of the matter "If I have a cow that gives milk, and the family that have her need the milk for their children." So they tried to trade the cow for ten dollar's worth of provisions, and failed because Whitman required him to go back forty miles and drive up the "critter." Gerrish came up about this time and paid Watt $10 for his cow, agreeing that Martin's folks should use the milk on the journey. Then Watt bought $9 95 worth of beef, flour and sugar—a little—and put this with the other men's provisions, and they started on. A good American cow for a week's grub supply of beef and flour Watt thought was rather a hard bargain. But Whitman said "Your cow is poor and won't bring more than that" Such is life. Some people wonder that prosperous Jo Watt is not willing to subscribe to the Whitman monument. Wat sees the character of Dr Whitman from the unpleasant side. He had personal experience, he says, that goes a great way in this world,

Few men have said more in praise of the "martyr missionary" than I have I. Some will reproach me for presenting the unpleasant fact of his life, but the historian has no alternative. He was most undoubtedly true in his statement. He saw the better clad and mounted man taken in and fed. When famishing he was given almost spoiled food He was heralded with a half naked savage on the bare ground. He was charged enormously for a week's supply of very common food. And this was his reception at a mission station! Such was his first experience in Oregon! Whitman was not perfect and Watt and his companion were rugged and far from attractive in appearance They were not much better in looks than any Indians, and how received the treatment allotted to Indians I confess that this story pains me and I dislike it much There are some features so selfish, so unkind in it, that the story mars a life picture that I had fancied had no radical defects. Still what Whitman's circumstances were we do not know He kept no hotel, had few accommodations, and with all the generosity possible, it might easily be that he could not better provide for the shabby guests who were daily thronging to his doors, many of the emigrants were half starve, half naked, and every way uncanny and unkempt It is doubtful if the most kindly hearted among us all would be willing to-day to entertain at bed and board such looking tramps as were many of the emigrants of '44 But as to the cow, trade and price of provisions?—let us change the theme!

Since the above was written have met Mr Watt again, and he took pains to say that he might have been so forlorn and unhandsome in appearance at that time tha Whitman was prejudiced against him He had scant clothing and his buckskin pants had been shortened from time to time to gain material to patch and resole his over worn moccasins, and scarce came to his knees Of course he was not clean, though neither filthy nor troubled with live stock common to such travel His ablutions, however, had not given "stone" to his attire, and he confesses that appearances must have been against him Really, Mr Watt shows no disposition to unduly disparage Whitman, though the treatment received at his hands seems to have been one of the most unpleasant incidents of his career The man Watt then entertained so kindly was A. Hinman, who was entitled to some consideration as a brother in the church

The boat had plans not and man
Gang aft agley!

They packed their provisions and started down to Fort Walla Walla, twenty-five miles, where Archibald McKinley was in charge of H B Co interests. They camped, and while H H Lee went to the fort Adams and Watt went to a camp near by of white men from the Willamette It was occupied by a man named Williams and a captain—or understudy—Dick McCrary, who had broken the Oregon excise law all to smash, and was to do so many times again They talked and the ingenuous Watt was surprised to hear Adams say his name was Smith. When supper time came Watt declined but Adams sat down Before that Watt was surprised to hear Williams ask "Did you know a dam scoundrel at Clearwater, one Adams?" Then the assumed Smith was astonished and said "Adams! Why, see how much brought of there "Och, the dam scalpeen" and his excited Williams, "I'll murther him when I get there" "Why, what's he done "Why, he's stole my wife and I'll have the heart's blood, sure." Then the assumed Smith explained what he knew That winter the woman would have starved only that Adams carried her all his earnings to keep her and the children alive, and he sat down at the door of the lodge When the cold weather would have frozen him dead the woman told him to go inside, and so help him Jackson. that was all there was of it. "Bedad then if there's all of it I'll not murther him at all, at all" said Williams, and he soothed his bitterness greatly in the advantage of his appetite The Emerald Islander was a different man and all the honors with more faith in his own than he ever expected in harbor

Such was the fortuitous state of affairs when the men of aliases who sat down to his supper The ingenuous mind of Watt, who had not the made a reputation founded on many short trades, was amused as well as surprised, and he watched the process long, which interested him more and more as the supposititious Smith did not eat. Williams looked up at time or so and urged him to do so The Adams soul was temptatingly associated with liquids, and one mood was too honorable to eat his ruffian's bread under false pretenses His bosom heaved as the tempest grew, and finally, when Williams urged him again to eat, his feelings overcame his caution, and he sobbed, or rather wailed forth—eyes in frenzy rolling and the tears welling, hands upraised—brokenly "I'm the man! I'm the man" "What man" said Williams, and the traitor screamed, "I'm Adams by myself, but my story is true, and that's all of it" "All right, said Williams, "but you must go back with me" and go back he did, leaving Joseph Watt, Esq laughing at the fun of the affair, there in the sage-brush and sandhills of Wallula.

Lee went to McKinley to trade for a horse The young man wanted time to earn the money but McKinley said no, but he would take his gun That was an old and valued friend Watt said he had rather walk, and the canny Scot said "Were young an' strang, and were weel able to walk" So walk he did While they talked Mrs McKinley brought in an apple pie, made of fruit from Vancouver orchards, and Watt thinks yet 'twas the most delicious morsel he ever ate. Years after when McKinley wanted two thousand dollars worth of sheep, "on time," Watt remembered the pie and gave him the time, and it is not up yet, but Watt remembers the apple pie of '44, and does not grudge the time. SAMUEL A. CLARKE

GRANT'S SIGNATURE AT WEST POINT.

New York Tribune

There has always been some question about Gen Grant's name The *Tribune* presents to its readers an interesting article on the signature he made on the day he entered West Point Military Academy as a cadet. or May 31 1839. It promises to become historic, because it is different from that given in the popularly accepted version of the change in his initials According to the story most frequently told he was christened Hiram Ulysses Grant. When he was appointed a cadet Gen Thomas L Hamer, the member of congress securing that favor for him, made a mistake in the initials and he went on the army roster as U S Grant. As he was unable to get the mistake rectified he adopted the initials and took his mother's maiden name of Simpson to fit the new title His father Jesse R. Grant, gave this explanation Gen Grant himself gives it in his memoirs, but not with enough definiteness to fix the order of the initials But by general consent the lapse of time and the faultiness of the memory, nearly all the evidence has been that his name was originally H U Grant, whereas this new evidence is that it was U H Grant. The evidence in support of the new theory consists of a page from the old register of "Roe's hotel," now the West Point hotel The original of this page was seen in possession of Homer Lee, of this city It came into his hands while gathering material for the publication of an illustrated souvenir for West Point cadets The old register bears unmistakable signs of authenticity It has been in the same hands in the hotel for years, and this page was transferred to Mr Lee's possession for publication only after two or three months earnest solicitation. Other names signed in the page have a place in history J B. Magruder was a prominent Confederate general. F T Dent became general in the United States army and Gen. Grant's brother-in law Mr Plunkett became an English member of Parliament. Grant registered at Roe's hotel on the same day that he entered the academy He was assigned to room No. and he first and probably only meal at the hotel was dinner A cross opposite his name was placed there a few years ago It was for the purpose of easier identification A reporter took the page to Gen W T Sherman at the Fifth Avenue hotel, a night or two ago "Well, well, well" he said, "That does beat all. Why, Col. Fred. and I were talking about this only yesterday Fred. says his father's initials were H. U, for Hiram Ulysses. This doesn't look like it. I must have been Ulysses Hiram I was three years ahead of him I remember seeing his name on the paper in the hall on the bulletin board where all the newcomers were posted I ran my eye along down the column of names, I remember and saw there U S Grant. There were a lot of us who began to maze up names to fit the initials. One said 'Uncle Sam Grant,' another said 'Uncle Sam Crant.' Some one else said 'Sam Grant.' That name stuck to him through all his course at West Point and a long time afterward Rufus Ingalls never called him anything but Sam' The boys of the Fourth infantry always called him 'Sam. We all found out right away that his initials were wrong, because he told us about it. When he went to the adjutant's office to report he told the clerk that Mr Hulmer had made a mistake in his initials. He was told that it couldn't be changed and that he must sign his name the same as his appointment papers read. When he was graduated he tried to get the adjutant general of the army to have the proper change made, but no attention was paid to his request at Washington. He went right along after that and called himself U. S. Grant."

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

How Prussia Swept Away the Last Relics of Feudalism.

Customs of the People—The Easy Life of a Preacher—School Life in the Country—The Need of Further Enlightenment.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

The war between the two Duchies and Denmark went on with varying success The tide of victory would sweep up into Jutland and sweep back through Sleswic, in accordance with the skill and determination of the commanders, the spirit and bravery of the opposing troops and the intrigues at the courts of Berlin, London, St Petersburg and Copenhagen The great revolution of which the war on this northern peninsula was a side issue, was quelled and the reactionary elements were everywhere planting themselves firmly in the saddle. The bright, warm, almost tropical days of March, the *Poet des freudaing* (springtide of nations), which burst forth so suddenly with myriads of promising buds and germs of flowers, useful plants and noxious weeds, had been followed by nipping night frosts, which delayed growth for a generation or more The war lingered slowly along In the summer there were some battles, and in the winter the armies returned to comfortable winter quarters, or were quartered upon the farmers, already groaning under heavy burdens of all sorts of taxation.

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REBELLION SKETCHES.

Succession of Blunders by Both Armies, Unequalled During the War.

Confusion of Corinth—March on Chattanooga—Buell's Panic—Fright at Cincinnati—Battle of Perryville and Bragg's Escape.

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

Halleck's single military mistake was at Corinth, on landing. It was just such as he would make, if any. He deferred to others that he should have done himself. Pursuing, as he always considerate of his subordinate officers, he did here as elsewhere—he gave them important posts of honor and trust, and left them to arrange for their own defense. How nearly it came to a fatal issue at Corinth we have seen. It never dimmed his fame or glory, nor tarnished his name. Immediately upon the reorganization following another case, he was placed second in command, under Halleck. Halleck reached the front on the 9th of April. New Madrid and Island No. 10 had fallen before Pope, and his army from Missouri was added to that of Grant and Buell. The two divisions from Missouri, under Davis and Asboth. The grandest army ever marshalled in this department was now in hand, with seven major-generals and four brigadiers in command.

Corinth was consumed in preparation, and on the 3d of May the march was resumed, Buell's regard kept a strong force on his front, and skirmishing began at once. Little by little the Union army crept forward toward Corinth. Greatly outnumbered Beauregard's army, his, too, had been re-inforced. Van Dorn and Price, with their commands, had come to his aid. Other smaller detachments came likewise. Gen. Halleck did not desire a general engagement outside of Corinth, and carefully avoided it. He proposed to accomplish one of two things. Beauregard should fly as his stronghold in and about the city, or he should be dragged to death inside, which meant the surrender of his whole army. If he did not do either of these methods, he could do as he had done—make an attack in force and meet the consequences. He choose the first, under a show of defense to cover his retreat, and on the morning of the 30th he evacuated the city, its forts and all points on the Mississippi to the city fell into the hands of the Government. A vast region of country, embracing hundreds of square miles, was thus given up. It proved a great damage. The capture of Corinth was an empty prize. What had been removed before the enemy's retreat had been destroyed. His army at once broke up in fragments and scattered here and there, necessitated a corresponding break in the Union army of Halleck. Raiding parties swept over the country under Forrest, John Morgan and Wheeler. Halleck was now far from his base of supplies. His dependence was mainly upon railroads, and to keep these open his forces were scattered in small bands of a few men all over the country in his rear, back to Louisville. These were attacked daily and cut to pieces. Every additional move southward increased the difficulty. The Confederate cavalry, with his cavalry, passed round Nashville and was raiding in Kentucky. Gen. Nelson was sent to take command of affairs in the West and resist these raids. Days became weeks and weeks became months. Skirmishing here and there was going on almost hourly. But forward movement was made. Halleck's army had dissolved. Buell was given his command, and Grant his. Gen. Halleck, as commander-in-chief of the Union armies, was to Washington. Buell's serious troubles commenced. His effective force he estimated at but 25,000 men, with 10,000 scattered along the railroads in his rear. Bragg had succeeded to the command of the confederates, but his plans had carefully concealed his intentions, finally began to concentrate at Chattanooga. Buell's movements and Pope were watching Vicksburg and Grant and Pope were watching Jackson in Mississippi. It was the purpose of Bragg to get possession of Chattanooga before Buell could reach it, but bridges were to build and the smaller streams, railroads were to repair, and has rear and pontoons were necessary for crossing the Tennessee. Halleck disagreed with Grant and Buell with Thomas. The first was in favor of the proper line of railroad to be kept open to his rear. Halleck insisted on the Memphis & Charleston, while Buell was eager to get to the Nashville & Decatur and the Nashville & Chattanooga roads better adapted to his wants, and more easily and certainly defended. Halleck was inflexible. Buell was displeased. The line taken by Halleck ran for a long distance almost parallel to the enemy's front, and for this reason it would be more easily destroyed. Buell's movement with Thomas was in reference to the position of Bragg after he concentrated at Chattanooga. Thomas insisted that he designed to make an attempt to get into Kentucky. Buell insisted that he was bound more to northern Alabama. The first method involved the proper place to concentrate for opposing his movements, but Buell insisted on the front.

Great was the delay and so much seemed involved, that the authorities at Washington implored. On the 8th of July he was advised that his progress was "not satisfactory" and ordered to "move more rapidly." In truth was, Buell was repairing both the railroad over which he and Halleck had disputed, and supplies necessary for his army amounted to about 100,000 pounds daily. Owing to the destruction of the railroad, yet unfinished, he was compelled to haul his supplies more than forty miles. The trip coming and going consuming five days, and requiring the use of 350 wagons. Journals of the command were about half filled on the country, or it would have required more than 1000 wagons as it was, more than 500 were in constant use. Buell's purpose was to reach the Tennessee river at Stephenson, but to do this he was compelled to build a pontoon train and for this purpose he had three sawmills in constant operation getting out lumber. At a time of year when the shoals present the use of anything but light draught impossible and for this reason the river was of little or no source of supply His cavalry was inefficient. He had repeatedly urged a larger force. His wants were constantly interrupted.

Bragg had not succeeded in crossing the river by the 27th of August. Bragg reached and garrisoned Chattanooga just a month earlier. On the 28th Bragg's whole army had crossed the Tennessee, and on the 26th he determined upon the aggressive movement north. His campaign embraced an invasion of Kentucky. The fall of Louisville, and if possible, Cincinnati. Its culminate in a transfer of the future battle-field to Northern soil. It is a remarkable fact that during the whole war the plans of the enemy were always on the grandest scale. There seemed to present the same spirit of braggadocio and ludicrous superiority with which the war was inaugurated. This fact made the resistance of the South the more conspicuous. Though Bragg started for Kentucky on the 27th of August, and on that day Thomas had pointed out that he had seen Buell did not move until three days later. On the 29th the whole Union army was in the march to Murfreesboro Buell had seven divisions of infantry with which to meet Bragg's advance, but Bragg at this time had five in his front. Thomas again proposed a plan to give battle and check the advance, but Gen Buell preferred to continue the march to Nashville. Bragg crossed the Cumberland river at Carthage, and was moving rapidly toward Louisville, while Breckinridge, with a heavy force of infantry, cavalry and artillery, had been left behind to operate against Nashville. Gen Buell believed Nashville was the active point of the enemy and still did not change his views—that Bragg would invade Kentucky It was soon made apparent that he had commenced the race. Buell was behind; nothing prevented a speedy march before Bragg. For days the forces marched and skirmished Prewitt's Knob was reached by Buell on the 20th of September.

He was now confronted by Bragg and it seemed imminent. Thomas, who had been left in charge of Nashville, afterward had considered forward Leaving Gen Negley in the city he reached Buell on the 21st. For this reason, or some other, Bragg declined battle and deflected from the direct route to Louisville This gave Buell an advantage He at once hurried forward, reaching the 29th the last of his army arrived and took possession. Bragg stopped at Glasgow, about forty miles south Both armies now rested and prepared for the coming struggle.

The campaign so far had only been disastrous. Cumberland had been recalled from the Memphis & Ohio railroad, and had hurried north with Morgan was closely invested in Cumberland and after holding on to the last extremity was forced to retreat, losing some of his men. All the territory in Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi which had been captured, was now restored to the enemy, save here and there a fortified garrison. Nashville was one of these garrisons, and for weeks all communication both was cut off from it, while it was constantly threatened. Gen. Negley, who was in command was forced to forage for his subsistence. The country had repeatedly been overrun by both armies, until it was necessary to travel many miles in search of grain, foraging parties being compelled to take artillery for defense, and sometimes remaining out several days. The situation was unsatisfactory at Washington. It was believed the whole trouble had grown out of Buell's indolence and inactivity. Had he moved more rapidly in the first of the campaign he might have occupied Chattanooga before Bragg reached it. Failing in this, he should then have prevented his crossing the Tennessee river. After he did cross he should have forced him to battle and prevented his march through Kentucky. So great was the dissatisfaction that on the 29th of September, just as the last of Buell's army reached Louisville, an order was issued removing him and turning his command over to Gen. Thomas. Gen. Thomas generously requested that Buell retain his position, and it was granted, while he was made second in command.

Four months had been consumed, and the Army of the Cumberland found itself where it started nearly one year before. John Morgan was dashing over the whole state destroying bridges capturing small outposts and burning wagon trains and army supplies. He cut the Nashville & Louisville railroad and burned the bridge over Barren river before Buell started north. He had a telegraph operator with him, and tapped the wires at pleasure. This man's name was Ellsworth. He was shrewd and daring. He continually held conversation both north and south with Union operators, pocketing their dispatches. Sometimes he telegraphed as from one office, and sometimes another All kinds of shrewd schemes were resorted to when he wished to know the name of the office from which an important dispatch had come. On one occasion he received dispatches signed "R" He did not know where they came from He telegraphed to "Z" as follows: "One of my friends bets the cigars you can't spell correctly the name of your station." "Done!" answered Z: "*Lebanon Junction*. How did you suppose I would spell it?" "We have lost the cigars. Thought you would spell it with a double b," replied Ellsworth. When ready to conclude and know no longer, always expressed his thanks and revealed his true character. Gen. Boyle, in command at Louisville upon one occasion received the following from Morgan

"Good morning, Jerry! This telegraph is a great institution. You ought to destroy it, for it keeps me too well posted My friend Ellsworth has in his portfolio all your dispatches since the 10th of July Would you like a copy?

JOHN MORGAN, Commander."

Through these intercepted dispatches he knew where and when to strike, and what and how to avoid. He menaced Frankfort, Lexington and Cynthiana, and raided almost within sight of Cincinnati. He seldom had more than one thousand men, but these were always well mounted, and he created the most intense excitement.

Kirby Smith, who held Knoxville when Bragg was at Chattanooga, started for Lexington, Kentucky, about the time Bragg started for Louisville. He had 4,500 men. A thousand cavalry preceded him. He swept on like an overflowing stream. There was nothing to oppose him, except here and there a small garrison which he captured or put to flight, until he reached Richmond. The only organized Union force in the state was here. The towns and cities further north were garrisoned in the main by undisciplined troops, in temporary organizations. Col. Manson commanded at Richmond between 6000 and 7000 men. Most of his troops had never been under fire. At the approach of Smith he moved out to battle at the head of his brigade. He was successful in the first attack, and checked Smith's advance. He continued to move southward until he had passed Rogersville, when he dispatched a messenger to bring up his remaining brigade, left at Richmond. He was now eight miles from his base, without definite knowledge of the number of the enemy before him Becoming hardly engaged, he ran out of ammunition, and attempted to withdraw His men did not keep ranks, and after several ineffectual attempts the command retreated to Richmond Nelson had hastened from Lexington and attempted to check the retreat, but failed. He was wounded and came near being captured. The retreat became a rout. Smith's cavalry passed to the front of the fugitives and cut them off Col. Manson and nearly his entire command were captured, with all his artillery. This battle disposed of the only force in Kentucky which Kirby Smith had any reason to fear, and opened the way for an uninterrupted march to the Ohio river. Smith reached Lexington on the 1st of September He met but little opposition, for there was nothing to oppose him. The city was disloyal. He was greeted with the most unbounded praise Men and women shook hands in the streets and from the house tops, everywhere, as was attested by the shouts of crowds, wild with enthusiasm. Confederate flags floated from every dome and steeple. The finest portion of Kentucky was in his followers' hands and public houses, his men were helped to clothing and arms, and he was everywhere hailed as Kentucky's great deliverer! But Lexington alone had this doubtful honor Other cities, with better judgment, saw no evidence of permanent results from the bold raider, however desirable. He was far to the north He could not hope to remain here The whole North was aroused, and new levies of troops were hurrying forward Buell was in his rear, and it was certain Kentucky was no time to drop back into the hands of the Union by bloodless victory However, for the time, and in view of the danger Smith could do, the situation was grave enough Louisville was but seventy five miles west, while Cincinnati was the same distance north. Buell at this time was not within two hundred miles of Lexington, while Bragg was between him and the city. Smith could now move unresisted by way of Frankfort to Louisville and march it before either Bragg or Buell or he could move in any other direction He chose to march toward Cincinnati, doubtless supposing as Bragg was in the advance of Buell he would reach Louisville first, and he would find no trouble in joining him at pleasure His army was greatly increased by volunteers along the route It is claimed that he moved from Lexington with 30,000 troops Gen. Heath with his advance of 12,000 appeared before Covington on the 15th. He confidently expected to enter Cincinnati unmolested and demand the surrender of Cincinnati on the opposite bank of the river. Gen. Wallace had been ordered to Cincinnati by the governor of Ohio The news of Smith's approach created the wildest excitement Wallace first had business suspended and shops closed He called all the citizens of the city into the public squares and furnished them with spades, shovels, picks, saws and axes. Forty thousand men vigorously began to entrench around Covington. The high ground in the rear afforded ample opportunity for this work All steamers and transports were supplied with cannon Armed citizens poured in from the surrounding country, and the work of preparation went on night and day A most formidable defense was made Heath saw the situation and returning, again joined Smith at Frankfort. Bragg and Buell at this time, as we have seen, were moving northward. On the 4th of October a new confederate governor of Kentucky was to be inaugurated, and Bragg having received two days in a few days before, in all his military glory, came to witness the ceremony. It had just commenced before a great audience, when a confederate scout rushed into the august assembly, and in breathless excitement declared that the whole army was approaching the city Chairs and tables were upset, and papers went flying to the four winds. Every man, woman and child stampeded The new-fledged governor was forgotten in the fright, and a lone fugitive hip took the road to Lexington He never received the finishing touches As at Nashville, the alarm was premature Buell had not moved A single division had been sent to watch Smith.

On reaching Kentucky, Bragg was far more inclined to gather supplies than to fight Buell Though still pushing north he loaded his wagons with immense droves of every description. Great herds of cattle, hogs and sheep were driven in the rear He could not send them south for want of a sufficient force to guard them, and thus he marched forward with the absolute certainty of battle before him and the most unmanageable and motley multitude behind ever witnessed within an army He consumed sixteen days in marching one hundred and fifty miles, and was fed Lexington on the 1st of October His command now occupied Lexington, Frankfort, Bardstown, Harrodsburg and Perryville Both armies had been largely reinforced mainly by raw recruits Buell had nearly 100,000 men Sixty-eight thousand were supposed to be ready for duty Including Kirby Smith's command Bragg had 85,000 men, with about 50,000 ready for battle A great number guarded his stores

On the very day Buell was to have marched out of Louisville to battle, he received Halleck's order to turn over his command to Gen Thomas. This delayed his movement. He was reinstated, and the column moved on the 1st. Buell did not know where he should find Bragg in force, and Bragg did not know which one of the five places held by him Buell would strike. Buell moved upon them all. Bragg was confused. Each subordinate commander urged that Buell's whole force was in his front, and asked for aid. Bragg thought the attack would be made in force in Frankfort. Polk, at Bardstown, was ordered to Frankfort in haste. He did not go Hardee was near Perryville. By various converging roads, McCook's corps was ordered to march toward Harrodsburg. Gen. Buell at the head of Gilbert's corps, marched direct on Perryville, while Gen. Thomas, with the corps of Crittenden, moved on a parallel road a few miles to the left. On the evening of the 7th, three separate commands were supporting each other before Perryville, where Buell believed himself confronted by the whole Confederate army. He was again deceived. With a force of 58,000 men, he had only Hardee's corps of 15,000 before him. Bragg was deceived even worse than Buell, for he supposed himself confronted by only a single corps of Buell's command, and was anxious for battle. Buell ordered each corps commander to be in battle line by 3 o'clock the following morning. McCook received his orders but thirty minutes before the time to be in position. Owing to a drouth then prevailing, water was scarce. The roads were excessively dusty and the weather warm. McCook did not move until 5 o'clock, reaching his designated position at 10:30. Gen. Crittenden was still later in reaching the line. Gen Thomas, who was now second in command under Buell, was with Crittenden. It was 2 o'clock, P. M., before anything was accomplished. The enemy was strongly posted in the wooded country along the Chaplin creek, and during the delay had been reinforced so that the number in Buell's front was now about 20,000 Hardee struck McCook's corps with his whole force The fight raged desperately In thirty minutes McCook was overwhelmed and had asked for help. Driven from position to position, but fighting with the desperation of despair, at 3 o'clock he repeated his request for aid. Up to this time the battle had raged mainly on his right flank. It now subsided for a moment, and passing to his left, he found his command there in a terrible conflict. He was again driven from his position It was 4 o'clock For two hours McCook had fought 20,000 men alone. He had but 14,500 in his command to begin with. He was driven from all his positions, with the loss of ten pieces of artillery and 3000 men. The enemy lost 3396 men. The Union army also lost two brigadiers About this time Mitchell's division of Gilbert's corps came to McCook's relief, at once became hotly engaged, and for two hours longer the bloody work went on. The whole force now engaged on both sides was about 25,000. The total loss of the Union army in four hours was 4000 men. A brigade commanded by Col. Gooding, near the conclusion of the day's battle lost its commander and nearly one-fourth of its effective strength.

During the night Bragg gave orders for retreat, as he said, because Buell had received large reinforcements. This was the stereotyped excuse of the confederates for defeat. A small force was left as rear guard. The various detachments of Bragg's army concentrated by the 11th near Bryantsville, about twenty miles from the battlefield by highway, but only half this distance in an air line. Here he remained until the 13th, when he again began his retreat southward by the way of Cumberland gap Buell still believed Bragg would renew the struggle as soon as his detachments were concentrated, and on the morning of the 9th threw Crittenden's corps forward Four days were consumed in reconnoitering and concentrating his command, and on the evening of the 13th he learned of Bragg's retreat. Having several miles the start at first, and then gaining nearly a day's march before he was pursued, Bragg was now out of reach. The rain had set in and the dust had turned to mud. Buell made a feeble effort to follow, but never overtook his enemy, and soon abandoned the pursuit. Crittenden's corps went into camp at Glasgow, and McCook's and Gilbert's at Bowling Green. Thomas was left in command. Buell retired to Louisville, and soon after was relieved of his command, and ordered to report for duty at Indianapolis, Indiana. This was the end of the campaign. It had consumed two months and a half. It had resulted in relieving Kentucky of the confederate army, but this loss of all territory south of Nashville, while Bragg had gone back with a greater army than he had when he entered the state, and with greatly increased supplies

Viewed from any standpoint we have a continued series of mistakes, whatever may have been the cause, Gen. Buell was always behind time It was, as we have seen, the merest accident that any of his troops reached Pittsburg Landing in time to relieve Grant's shattered ranks. Had not the persistence of Nelson put them in front, and thus enabled his division to be within supporting distance, Grant would have been ruined, and the whole field of military operations might have been changed He was too slow in crossing the Tennessee river, and if Bragg was thus enabled to occupy Chattanooga, He was still too slow to prevent Bragg crossing the river, and the enemy thus obtained footing on the north side. He was too slow in finding out Bragg's intentions, and would not accept the situation when Thomas found it out for him He was too slow in starting to intercept Bragg, when at last he did divine his movement, and only reached Louisville because Bragg deflected from his direct route and thus left it open for him When the battle was at last arranged, for some unaccountable reason, his forces were too slow in reaching his corps commander and instead of opening the fight at 9 A. M., as arranged for, it did not commence until 4 o'clock P. M., and then was brought on by an attack When McCook found himself overpowered, Buell was too slow in getting reinforcements to him, though McCook twice plead for them, and two whole corps had never been engaged, one of which joined McCook's right and, and had been placed in position by Buell himself Buell admits that he did not know McCook was engaged until he had been fighting for two hours, and had lost every position he held, and nearly every piece of artillery Thomas, who was with Crittenden's corps on the extreme right, had no orders save to hold himself in readiness to support the center When at last Buell did find out that McCook had been fighting, and the enemy's advance was checked by the help of one division of Gilbert's corps, he still failed to push on and prevent Hardee from retiring from his front, though the force in battle line then under his command and ready at a moment's notice, outnumbered Hardee at least two to one He was too slow to prevent Bragg uniting his scattered command, though it was all done within twenty miles of his lines, and occupied three days to complete When at last Bragg retreated, Buell was too slow to overtake him, because he had been too slow in ascertaining when he started, and thus allowed him to get one day's march ahead

How such a continued chain of blunders could follow each other in this unbroken order, stretching over months of time and hundreds of miles of territory, is past human comprehension Where Gen Buell could have been that he did not know of McCook's unequal engagement and great reverse, until these had continued for two fatal hours, has never been satisfactorily explained. It was murmured throughout the army that he was disloyal and had purposely made these mistakes. If it must be accounted for solely on the ground of uncontrollable conditions, we must regard Gen Buell as the most unfortunate officer ever attached to the American army With his campaign he retired into comparative obscurity, very much as did Gen McClellan in Virginia, and about the same time

This was the brightest period experienced by the Confederacy It had planned on the most imposing scale. The loss of Louisville and the Mississippi valley was considered fully atoned for by Bragg's conquest of Tennessee and Kentucky, and yet for the South this was a failure, quite as great as Buell's. Bragg's blunders were equally unaccountable He planned well He could have gone to Louisville in spite of the whole United States army, and almost without the loss of a man Kirby Smith, who reached Lexington only a few days after Buell and Bragg started on their race northward, could have taken possession several days before either of them could have reached the place Had he done so, instead of continuing north toward Cincinnati, Buell would not have dared approach the city, for with Smith before him and Bragg in his rear he would have been crushed The battle-field would have been on different ground, large reinforcements would have been prevented reaching the Union army and Bragg and Smith would have been united Instead of this, Bragg stopped two days to capture the garrison at Munfordsville, and then left the direct route, Buell slipped past and reached Louisville, while Kirby Smith was reconnoitering about Cincinnati When the battle did take place, Bragg got only a small part of his command into it, while Kirby Smith never reached him until the retreat had begun For this retreat an army could not have been in worse condition. His troops had marched from Chattanooga in rags and bare-footed, fought bare-footed and without rest, loaded down and burdened with the greatest army train and herds ever seen on the American continent, in the rain and mud, were now forced before a great army to retreat, much of the way over mountain roads almost impassable Yet all this was accomplished.

On the night before he started he burned great quantities of stores—clothing, forage and gun-carriages—and in the gray dawn of the following morning his train after train filed past, loaded to their utmost capacity with stores of every description which had been captured from the Union army at various points on the route, or had been taken from the helpless inhabitants. The wagons were principally those captured from the Union army. The army supply train moved out first, followed by the ammunition train, then came a train of goods, clothing, stores, wares and merchandise almost inconceivable in kind and quantity. Behind this was still another more conglomerate and stranger still. When Lexington was vacated, the inhabitants, who had rejoiced so wildly at the approach of Kirby Smith, were left in a frightful terror Women and children crowded the streets weeping and wringing their hands in anguish Having committed themselves so unsparingly to the cause of the Confederacy, and made such open and vehement proclamation in their welcome to Smith's army they now saw their helpless situation as he was about to leave them in the hands of their enemies. A great train of refugees set south with Bragg. Women and children were crammed promiscuously into every imaginable vehicle—family buggies, carriages, express wagons, carts and farm wagons, omnibuses, coaches, ambulances and Jersey wagons were all there. The donkey cart and the ox team jostled each other in the rush of this strange cavalcade Part of the way the road followed the tortuous bed of Dick river, filled with boulders and slippery flagstones, and this stream was crossed and recrossed six times during the first night's march. The confusion is indescribable There was no moment to lose. This great train was in the rear, save for Wheeler's cavalry, and for this reason in greatest danger, if Buell pressed the pursuit. There were many of the wildest scenes which cannot be described Wagons broke down Horses became tangled in their harness and were unmanageable In the darkness wheels became locked and wagons upset. A southern historian describing these scenes closes in the following language

"The bawling of the teamsters to the mules, the cracking of the whips, and volleys of oaths in the most outlandish gibberish which none but the mules could understand, were kept up all night."

The benefits of the campaign to the confederates was principally in the great destruction of property which might have been made of benefit to the Union army, the capture of prisoners from the small outposts defended on the lines of Buell's and Bragg's march, and the great amount of supplies carried out of the state Property destroyed amounted to many millions of dollars Twenty-five thousand barrels of pork alone were burned by Bragg on the eve of his retreat. With the captures of Morgan and Forrest, he took in the aggregate about 10,000 prisoners and killed and crippled of the Union forces half as many more But he retired demoralized, and with an army in rags. He had gained nothing worth the fatigue and loss of confidence he had experienced. His men were assured the battle field was to be transferred north of the Ohio river, and instead of this they never were allowed to look upon its waters. With the exception of Lexington, no demonstration had been made at the approach of the confederate army It was a great disappointment Kentucky had not risen up as Bragg expected. Many had joined him, principally under John Morgan and Forrest, but these were mere adventurous spirits who were ready to follow for the chance of rapine in the enjoyment of the excitement and hope to escape the dangers Great as seemed the damage done to the Union army, it was in no sense equal to the expectation of the South, nor indeed to the opportunity which it opened. Had Bragg moved as he easily might have done, he would have joined Kirby Smith long before Buell could have overtaken him, and had John Morgan and Forrest operated in concert with their cavalry commands, Buell would have been hopelessly crushed. It was a strangely feeble campaign on both sides.

Forrest and Morgan did daring and masterly work, but their commands, though well mounted, were comparatively small and not well armed. They had great advantages and improve them. They dashed over the country, across fields and through swamps. They were among their friends and knew the whole country. Buell's cavalry was inferior He lost it in detail attempting to guard such a large to itory With a few exceptions, all the troops in Kentucky before Buell reached it in his march northward were raw recruits In some of the engagements with Forrest and Morgan where they might have succeeded, they failed for want of experience They were generally overpowered by hasting surprises, and often largely outnumbered. Nelson had not less than 10,000 men before Kirby Smith, but they melted like wax in the fire

When Rosecrans took command it should have been given to Gen. Thomas, and would have been but that he had once refused it. A strange condition of things met the new commander There was general dissatisfaction The whole country was murmuring at the conduct of the war The department of the Cumberland he never fully criticised, but the general rank and file of the army felt that something was wrong Thousands had deserted. The semi-monthly report of the army made November 1st, two weeks before the change of commanders, shows that 32,000 officers and men were absent from their commands—about one-fifth of the whole army Seven thousand had deserted Many of the absentees were sick, but 9,000 were absent by authority Here is the secret of the failure of Buell to repeatedly overtake the Confederates, who had been driven before him. Bragg's work before him. There was no system of secure supplies and for this reason Buell had never been able to give proper information Struggling through the lines in the interest of the confederacy was carried on at a rate which defies description. System was to be brought out of chaos, and this could not be done without friction.

The campaign was a great failure and condemned, and left dissatisfaction all over the North. Both armies were defeated, and each defeated by the blunders of its own leader. The campaigns at the North were duplicated at the South Providentially, or otherwise, Gen Bragg was rightly named He entered here lucky with a great flourish He overflowed in an appeal to Kentuckians to flock to his standard and produced a document which for sophomoric display and spasmodic gush, far eclipses any paper now to be found in the records of either army Here is a single paragraph

"Women of Kentucky! Your persecutions and horrors have been more than I can paint. Shall henceforth forever from your minds the fear of loathsome prisons or insulting visitations Let your enthusiasm have full rein Buckle on the armor of your kindred, your husbands, sons and brothers, and scoff with shame him who would prove recreant in his duty to you his country and his God."

In this address he declared

"Your hall at Buckner lands the van"

The reader of history, reminded in more than one particular of the boy's charge on the gander, will be disposed to add

"We routed him, we scouted him, nor lost a single man."

Quite a discussion followed this campaign The disagreement was in relation to the misunderstanding of orders. McCook did not receive his in time to obey them, and for this reason was not in his proper position at the time appointed Crittenden was in the same condition When McCook found himself overpowered and asked twice for help, Buell was not on the ground, and claimed not to have even known McCook was engaged. That this statement should be true seems absolutely impossible How could a commander be anywhere within five miles of his command, when artillery was used and not know it? Grant was from seven to ten miles away when he was aroused by the cannonade at Pittsburg Landing Where was Buell? It is not strange that he was removed A commander who could not hear a whole corps fighting, after it had been engaged two hours, and but two miles distant, soundly and of course deserved to be in the rear.

CATHOLIC CRITICISM OF MISS CLEVELAND

Catholic Mirror

We are sorry that the lady of the White House has written so ignorantly or so maliciously We do not think she intended to wound Catholics She belongs to the transcendental New England school of peculiar people, who, under the plea of speaking out what they think, often speak without thinking at all, without studying the subject they write about. The rashness of the mother adopt is an excellent one, but it is a two-edged sword in the hands of an illiterated intellect. It cuts both ways. A man, or a woman either, when adopting it, ought to make sure they are right before going ahead.

We have no unkindly feeling for Miss Cleveland, although she has stricken that which is dearer to us than our own self—our Spiritual Mother But we do most gravely think that the publication of this book at this particular juncture is a most unfortunate thing Had it been printed two years ago, it would have fallen still born upon the press, just now it is being spread broadcast over the country, is popularly being derived from the circumstances already indicated, and everywhere it is carrying profound dissatisfaction of the Catholic church We might go on to speak of the literary corruption I will produce it, its stilted, unnatural style, coupled with shallow thinking and a morbid quietism in human nature But the lesser evils are swallowed in the greater one—the gratuitous insult which Miss Cleveland, the lady of the White house, offers the Catholic church

Why Republicans Must Go.

New York Graphic (dem.)

It is the democratic party whose support is valuable—not the support of the mugwumps who will act for their own personal interests, however the two great parties may shape themselves The president cannot afford to support a civil service law that is both unconstitutional and bad, and that aims to bring humiliation to the high office he fills He is doing well enough. He will doubtless do better without any unreasonable delay. The rascals must go. They must go or cause. The cause is republicanism, which is offensive partisanship from every national point of view.

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN WRIGHT.

Further Reminiscences of the Daring Pioneer and Indian Fighter.

A Journey from The Dalles to the Klamath Lake Region—Adventures of the Party—In the Land of the Modocs.

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

The readers of the first paper of these sketches will recollect that the cavalcade of Wright and his companions was ready to, and did start, on their uncertain march to the mines on the 19th of August, 1848 The outfit, though largely composed of Indians and Indian trappings, was controlled by white men of nerve, and quite enough experience to meet properly all contingencies which might arise during their journey, and it did so, as the doughty old chieftain Pyrrhus remarked when he obtained his first view of the Roman invaders, "look as barbarous as a barbarian army."

Their route was due south, over the rolling bunch grass hills, and across the small creeks intersecting their path, till they reached and camped on a creek called by the Indians "Nanchus," but now known by the white settlers as Fifteen Mile creek, because it is that number of miles from The Dalles. At that time no settlements had been made at any part of the country surrounding The Dalles, the natives having full and undisputed sway over all that fair section, which now comprises one of the most picturesque and prosperous settlements in Oregon.

At the foot of Mt Hood, standing still and cold in his everlasting robe of glittering snow, trickles out from under the high banks of snow and ice the many tiny rivulets of clear, sparkling water that further down the deep, cold, silent gorge unite and form this Fifteen Mile creek, where it is a wild, dashing torrent of glistening spray, hissing and foaming over and among the icy rocks, till at last a warmer zone is reached, and dance and frolic giving place to business, moves silently on amid the many blooming gardens and orchards and meadows and farms that cover the valleys and dot the hillsides, sending out its moisture to the left and to the right, making that once wild, forbidding place blossom out in ripe luxuriance, gladdening the eyes and hearts of an industrious and prosperous people and still on, in a grand semi-circle of over forty miles, amid the grass-clothed hills and echoing farms, until it reaches the Columbia river five miles above The Dalles where, after its arduous and fruitful struggle, it is robbed of ten miles of its name, and is simply called Five Mile creek.

The route for about fifty miles was over a greatly diversified country Deep river gorges heading in the Cascade range—which had been worn down through layers of soil and rock for hundreds of feet below the upland surface by the seething torrents of water pouring unceasingly down from the snow-clad peaks stationed on the summit of the mountains on their right, like huge watch towers, glittering in the bright rays of the sun, or draped with gloomy mantles of cloud—crossed their path, making ascent and descent equally dangerous and difficult. So difficult, indeed, were some of them, that Fremont, when passing along the same route a few years previous, was compelled to dismember his gun carriage and let the parts down with ropes from top to bottom of the deep descents, and in like manner drag them up the opposite side.

When across the high plateau which runs for a considerable distance at the base of, and parallel with the Cascade range, they descended by imperceptible degrees into a lower and more genial country, on the headwaters of the Des Chutes river. Here they found grass and water, and game and fish, and flies and gnats in plentiful profusion, so that to camp here and recruit their horses, and hunt and fish and explore the grand, wild locality was an unexpected pleasure yet not unmixed with pain, for the great green headed flies would thrust the long bayonet-like bills through coat and vest and shirt, down deep into the flesh, leaving a the bottom of the wound a pain that dazes, scratching would not obliterate And the little three-cornered gnats, well, though invisible, mingled in the fray, and, like a kernel of buckwheat, had an acute angle for attack, no matter which end was forward

The region of country surrounding the head of the Des Chutes was at that time a mutual hunting ground for several tribes of Indians, the most powerful and numerous of which were the Cayuses, whose lodges were found at various points for many miles around The Klamath Indians, of whom we shall see more in the weeks and months to follow, though when they did come, it was more in hunting and plundering than for hunting Their own country was more prolific in game, while that of the Cayuses was not. The Shoshones or Snakes, also came here to hunt or gamble They also—so the traditions of the Wasco assert—went in former times as far north as the lower Des Chutes and The Dalles. When they robbed and ravished to such a degree that they were assailed by the lower Indians that the name of Shoshone was sufficient to strike terror to the hearts of the treacherous marauders. During the winter months they crossed the mountains at the head of the South Providentially, or otherwise, Gen Bragg was rightly named He entered here lucky with a great flourish He overflowed in an appeal to Kentuckians to flock to his standard and produced a document which for sophomoric display and spasmodic gush, far eclipses any paper now to be found in the records of either army Here is a single paragraph

"Women of Kentucky! Your persecutions and horrors have been more than I can paint. Shall henceforth forever from your minds the fear of loathsome prisons or insulting visitations Let your enthusiasm have full rein Buckle on the armor of your kindred, your husbands, sons and brothers, and scoff with shame him who would prove recreant in his duty to you his country and his God."

In this address he declared

"Your hall at Buckner lands the van"

The reader of history, reminded in more than one particular of the boy's charge on the gander, will be disposed to add

"We routed him, we scouted him, nor lost a single man."

Quite a discussion followed this campaign The disagreement was in relation to the misunderstanding of orders. McCook did not receive his in time to obey them, and for this reason was not in his proper position at the time appointed Crittenden was in the same condition When McCook found himself overpowered and asked twice for help, Buell was not on the ground, and claimed not to have even known McCook was engaged. That this statement should be true seems absolutely impossible How could a commander be anywhere within five miles of his command, when artillery was used and not know it? Grant was from seven to ten miles away when he was aroused by the cannonade at Pittsburg Landing Where was Buell? It is not strange that he was removed A commander who could not hear a whole corps fighting, after it had been engaged two hours, and but two miles distant, soundly and of course deserved to be in the rear.

CATHOLIC CRITICISM OF MISS CLEVELAND

Catholic Mirror

We are sorry that the lady of the White House has written so ignorantly or so maliciously We do not think she intended to wound Catholics She belongs to the transcendental New England school of peculiar people, who, under the plea of speaking out what they think, often speak without thinking at all, without studying the subject they write about. The rashness of the mother adopt is an excellent one, but it is a two-edged sword in the hands of an illiterated intellect. It cuts both ways. A man, or a woman either, when adopting it, ought to make sure they are right before going ahead.

We have no unkindly feeling for Miss Cleveland, although she has stricken that which is dearer to us than our own self—our Spiritual Mother But we do most gravely think that the publication of this book at this particular juncture is a most unfortunate thing Had it been printed two years ago, it would have fallen still born upon the press, just now it is being spread broadcast over the country, is popularly being derived from the circumstances already indicated, and everywhere it is carrying profound dissatisfaction of the Catholic church We might go on to speak of the literary corruption I will produce it, its stilted, unnatural style, coupled with shallow thinking and a morbid quietism in human nature But the lesser evils are swallowed in the greater one—the gratuitous insult which Miss Cleveland, the lady of the White house, offers the Catholic church

Why Republicans Must Go.

New York Graphic (dem.)

It is the democratic party whose support is valuable—not the support of the mugwumps who will act for their own personal interests, however the two great parties may shape themselves The president cannot afford to support a civil service law that is both unconstitutional and bad, and that aims to bring humiliation to the high office he fills He is doing well enough. He will doubtless do better without any unreasonable delay. The rascals must go. They must go or cause. The cause is republicanism, which is offensive partisanship from every national point of view.

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN WRIGHT.

Further Reminiscences of the Daring Pioneer and Indian Fighter.

A Journey from The Dalles to the Klamath Lake Region—Adventures of the Party—In the Land of the Modocs.

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

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The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 16, 1885.

COUNTRY VS. CITY SCHOOLS.

Schools in a city must be graded, and this necessity leads to elaborate organization and a vast amount of "machine work." The tendency in this direction is inevitable in the circumstances, and it is a duty of school managers to see that it is not overdone.

We have always believed that the country schools, with their simple methods of organization, gave the best results. Though the city schools cannot copy the simplicity of the country schools, yet the success of the latter ought to show that the best results are not to be had through "high organization."

A country school requires five or six months only of the year of its pupils, the rest of the year being spent upon the farm. This gives a physical, practical training, which ten months of the year in the graded school cannot afford. Again, there is no fixed course of study in the country schools, and therefore the injury effected upon young minds and bodies by these graded schools in housing them for education during twelve of their most tender and formative years, is avoided. Moreover, as an educational journal well says, the stated instruction of his own classes is a small portion of what a pupil acquires in a school room. If classes of other grades are in progress besides his own. A bright pupil always has too much time for study. That is, more time than his mental powers can occupy. His mind cannot maintain a state of abstraction long. He does and must overhear what is said in the other classes. The most that a *ch ild* learns is by overhearing it, not by studious application. The co-existence of other classes, always necessary in a country school, though often referred to by leading educators as an unmitigated evil, is thus really a benefit. Pupils overhear much that broadens and brightens what they regularly learn by study and recitation. For this reason the minds of pupils of country schools are always more vivacious, more healthy than those of the graded school, where the pupils are always of one grade in a room, and their intellectual experience is narrowed to the meager trum-drum prescribed by the superintendent.

There may be disadvantages in a country school, but whatever these disadvantages are, the country schools are far better for pupils than the graded schools of the city, and this fact may teach the lesson that excess of organization ought to be avoided in the graded city schools. In other words, the study should be to obtain simplicity of method, not complexity and elaboration.

HOW ABOUT THE WIVES?

The Waltham (Mass.) *Free Press*, in an article on labor saving appliances for the rascal ne half of humanity, stops to inquire, "But how about the wives?" and adds:

We hear men talk about the work their grandmothers did, as though the women of the present day did nothing. Bless you, gentlemen, the wives of nine out of ten laboring men work more hours per day than you do, and do far more than your grandmothers thought of doing or could have done. The trouble is they are doing too much. They become old when the bloom of youth should still be with them. They go to bed tired and wake up the next morning to get your breakfast more freshed.

To this the New York *Herald* adds its comment, saying "The Waltham paper does not overstate the case, and it need not have restricted its remarks to the condition of the wives of laboring men. Women in good circumstances —deceptive term!—are to-day caring for large houses, whereas their grandmothers lived in little cottages they children, trained to other work, allow mothers to be the slaves of incompetent servants, yet the 'lady of the house' is expected to be always ready to receive calls or company. 'How about the wives?' is indeed a timely question."

Thus it is for the cities, for the rural districts "woman's work" is equally unrelieved. There is as much labor in taking care of the home, in doing the family washing, in cooking for the family and the farm hands, in milking the cows and in taking care of the milk, in making the butter, in keeping the clothes mended, in looking after the thousand cares, great and small, of the farm and household—to say nothing of the demands of maternity through it all—as there ever was, and in many cases far more. The simplicity that would suffice in earlier times will not do now. More pains must be taken and more things must be done, and yet women have found no labor saving appliances to correspond with the increase of duties. It is no wonder, therefore, that the number of broken-down women is increasing, particularly in the rural districts, where so many go into premature graves. Oregon furnishes no exception to the rule. How many men, both in city and country, act as if they regarded woman-flesh as infinitely cheaper than horse-flesh. [illegible] to think.

HISTORICAL EXPLANATION.

A dispute recently arose in this city about the date of the battle of the Boyne. Both disputants brought historical proof to support their respective positions, and the puzzle was great till it was suggested by a person to whom the matter had been referred that the discrepancy was due to the change from "Old Style" to "New Style." The history of the change is this. The calendar, as reformed by Cæsar, was in use over all Europe until the year 1582. To obviate an error which amounted to twelve days, Pope Gregory XII. ordered October 5, 1582, to be called October 15, and that all centennial years which are not multiples of 400 should not be made leap years thus 1600 was a leap year, and 2000 will be the next that falls on a centenary year. The Gregorian method of intercalation reconciles with much accuracy the civil with the solar year, the latter consists of 365 days, 5 hours and 48 minutes, and a small fraction. The Gregorian rule of omitting three leap years every 400 years, reducing these to 146,097 days, gives to a civil year an average duration of 365 days, 5 hours and 12 seconds, which exceeds the true solar year only so much as to make a difference of one day every 9,000 years. This calendar civil and ecclesiastical, was soon adopted in the Catholic states, while in the Protestant states it was but partially adopted in 1,400, and not entirely till 1774. The change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar was made in Great Britain in 1753, September 3 being called September 14. We should add that the Old Style is still used in the Russian Empire. The battle of the Boyne took place in 1690—July 1, "Old Style," July 11, "New Style."

"The Salem fair posters," says the *Statesman Reporter*, "were printed in Ohio, and THE OREGONIAN has an elaborate card stuck up all over the state that was printed in Philadelphia." THE OREGONIAN has no card that was "printed in Philadelphia. It ordered from Philadelphia two hundred signs, engraved on iron plates, which it is causing to be posted up at its business agencies throughout the Northwest and it got these signs because it requires something durable and permanent. The case is wholly different from that of a poster for a state fair, which is designed to give notice of an event for a short period only, and therefore is always printed on paper. THE OREGONIAN signs are for permanent use, and are gotten up in a manner that will stand wind and weather. Such work is not done here, nor on this coast. In the case complained of against the state fair managers the conditions are altogether different. They did not want permanent posters or signs, but only printed paper sheets, for use during but a brief period. THE OREGONIAN is constantly getting out paper posters and circulars, as advertisements of its business. It has done it every year for a quarter of a century, and never got a job of the kind done outside of Oregon.

"The evidence against Mr Maxwell," says the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "is not altogether conclusive, and would seem hardly sufficient to send him to the penitentiary in a decent state. In Missouri it will probably secure him a seat in the legislature, with a fighting chance for the United States senatorship."

PRACTICAL SANITATION.

Mrs. H. M. Plunkett, of Fitchfield, Conn., is the author of a little book called "Women, Plumbers and Doctors," which in some respects is the most complete work on household sanitation yet given to the public. It ought, indeed, to be in the hands of every householder. Mrs. Plunkett has collected and sorted with judicious care the sanitary facts regarding pure air, pure water, and pure soil in all their practical relations to the house we live in. Her motto is furnished by Dr. Austin Flint: "The present era of disease is a gibe and a more useful branch of medicine than therapeutics." Her plea that women as queens of the house should understand the details as well as the general principles of household hygiene is admirably sustained. What ruin comes of poison in the air, in food and drink through insalubrious house-sites, badly constructed drains, cellars, refrigerators, wells, plumbing, arsenic wallpapers, dangerous illuminating oils, lead service pipes, impure ice, and all malarious channels of infection that are apt to be unsuspected and overlooked, is abundantly and clearly set forth not only by Mrs. Plunkett's pungent way of putting things, but by numerous well-wrought illustrations, which repeat the warnings and advices with a telling and sometimes frightful emphasis. The danger and mysteries of the plumber's art and its various connections with sewer gas and impure soils, and poisonous water, are visibly revealed to the most careless understanding. The very things not about all the things which a householder who wishes to live out all his days ought to know, are set forth with warnings needful to escape the wrath to come stored up in the hidden germs of malaria, diphtheria, typhoid fever, cholera, consumption and other infectious diseases. Mrs. Plunkett's facts and deductions are so thoroughly fortified by the best authorities that they become both law and gospel to every person who does not prefer ignorance to bliss, and folly to wisdom. There is abundant occasion in the reading of its book for salutary reflection, and for the thoughtful examination of one's house and premises. The function of the sanitary engineer is shown to be an important one, at least in cities. It is, too, important in a much wider range than among people who have their own homes or can control things for their own protection, for it concerns the masses of tenement house life quite at the mercy of rapacious landlords and with no way to help themselves at all. But this is a larger subject than Mrs. Plunkett undertakes to treat.

The directions in the books go into detail respecting practical things, and treat them in a way easy to understand. Here, for example, we have the "three prime canons of house drainage":

1. All refuse matter must be completely and rapidly removed.
2. No passage of air can be allowed to take place from drains or waste-pipes into houses.
3. No communication can be permitted to occur between the drains and the water supply, and the soundness of the pipes and joints can only be guaranteed when the outlet being closed the drain holds water without any leakage.

That, surely is plainness itself, and yet it embraces the whole law and gospel of drainage. Nothing could be more excellent than the way this law and gospel is illustrated and impressed upon the reader, and nothing could be clearer than the directions for maintaining sanitation under these rules.

But the chief merit of the work is that it urges the subject of household sanitation upon women "whose fealty it is to remain a large share of the time at home, whose divinely appointed mission it is to govern the house." Health in the home is health everywhere, and the duty of women of making their homes wholesome is the burden of Mrs Plunkett's writing. As little is popularly known respecting the vital subject of sanitation and a book which furnishes plain information upon it is more useful than twenty romances.

In the *Year Shore* for August Hon Elwood Evans publishes a portion of the address delivered by him in June last at the meeting of pioneers of Washington territory at Tacoma. The fragment is an account of the proceedings had at the first term of court held north of the Columbia river, October 1, 1849. William P. Bryant, first district justice of the organized territory of Oregon presided. The court was held at Steilacoom. It was a special term authorized by act of the Oregon legislature, or the purpose of trying the murderers of Leander C. Wallace. The murderers were Snoqualmie Indians. An arrangement was made with the tribe to surrender the murderers. But the chiefs persistently tried to fix the guilt upon a slave of the tribe and sacrifice him for the crime. Trouble ensued. Six were tried, two of whom was found guilty and executed. Dr. Tolmie's influence was decisive in inducing the Indians to surrender the guilty parties, and they were paid for it with Hudson's bay blankets. Wallace was the first American murderer by Indians upon Puget sound. Mr Evans's narrative, supported by judicial documents, is of high interest.

Copies of the *Pall Mall Gazette* containing the now famous exposures of English aristocratic immorality have been received in this city. A resume of its contents have already been published in this country, and it is unnecessary to go further into details. Whatever may have been thought of the wisdom of the exposures, judging from the condensed accounts sent to this country, few will pervert the original paper without feeling that the easement of business largely predominated in the minds of the originators. The tone of the introduction, the extended details, and the failure to do more than hint at the villainous debaucheries of whose depravity they claimed to have the most positive evidence, inevitably lead to distrust of the publisher's motives. It has long been known among those more or less acquainted with the darker side of humanity that the things of which he *Gazette* speaks were too true. But in publishing the names of the aristocratic scoundrels, that they might be punished and held up to the scorn of the world, in each of these details might have been left unpublished and more good have been accomplished.

Mr Robert Giffen, probably the most expert economic statistician in Great Britain, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* holds that silver is so certainly in accord with the average prices of all commodities, and that what has been called the depreciation in silver is in fact a marked advance in the value of gold only. Upon this idea he accounts for the heavy decline of prices all over the world. The supply of gold has become too short to be a measure of values so immense. Multiplication of commodities has proceeded at a much more rapid rate than in former times, while the supply of gold as the measure of their values has for many years been nearly stationary. "The one thing that has changed," says Mr Giffen, "appears to be the supply of gold and the demand upon it, and to that cause largely we must accordingly ascribe the change in the course of prices which has occurred. If this view shall be accepted as sound, the result will be, through necessity, a much larger utilization of silver in all commercial values."

There is a growing feeling among the people of the world that the best monument that can be raised to the memory of a great or good man or woman, is one that combines the purpose of a memorial with something that is of practical value to those who live to admire it as the deeds of the person for whom it was erected. It would not be hard to find worthy objects for such commemoration. The Garfield memorial hospital in Washington, the Gordon boys' school in London, and hundreds of other institutions throughout the world commemorate the virtues and fame of as many worthy people who have not lived their lives in vain. Girard college is a mightier monument to the memory of its founder than a mass of inanimate stone would have been, however great its cost. This feeling has been a very renowned impetus by the prospective monument to Gen. Grant. The selection of Riverside park as his burial place would render inappropriate many of the practical edifices that might otherwise be constructed to the memory of the great general, but the following suggestion of the New York *Mail and Express* has considerable merit. That paper says in advocacy of the erection of a memorial structure over his tomb: "Why may not the structure be made a repository for paintings, books and relics relating to Grant's career and to the wars in which he engaged? At the base there would be a crypt for the remains of Gen. and Mrs. Grant, similar to that underneath the Stewart Memorial Cathedral in Garden City, but above the mausoleum there might be a series of apartments forty or fifty feet square and accessible by elevators, in which paintings of scenes in Grant's battles, portraits of distinguished soldiers, scenes of persons and events of the war of the Union, and the whole literature of the military exploits of the nation could be stored for the instruction of future generations. The architecture of the structure need not be less imposing because its use of the lower part for such a repository, and were Gen. Grant himself to choose he ween a monument which would bring a man direct to his grave to study the scenes in which he bore so conspicuous a part and a solid shaft of the grandest proportions, undoubtedly he would prefer the former."

We have heretofore spoken of the special effect of the legislation of Georgia relative to alcoholic liquors. The success of the temperance cause in that state has been the recognition of the principle of "home rule" in the privilege given by legislative enactments to the people of any county either to restrict or prohibit the traffic in alcoholic drinks, according as they should indicate their will at the polls. The effect has been good in all ways. First, it has made all the best most law-abiding and public-spirited citizens a compact and resistless body of supporters of the temperance laws of every county, whatever those laws may be, second, it has developed a general and sustained interest in the cause of temperance that tends to create a growing demand for stricter legislation; third, it has made the combination of the liquor and beer interests to control parties, that exists in the North, an utter and palpable absurdity; fourth, it has divorced the temperance issues so completely from politics that the politicians of both parties either actively rival each other in favoring temperance legislation or wisely avoid any appearance of active hostility.

Religious journalism in America dates back to the year 1815, when Sidney E. Morse, a brother of S. F. B. Morse, started the Boston *Recorder*, and was its editor and proprietor for about a year. The *Recorder* was long ago merged into the *Congregationalist*. The *Christian Watchman and Reflector*, also of Boston, was started by the Baptists; and in 1820 Morse, who had started the *Recorder*, established with his brother, R. C. Morse, the great New York *Observer* (Presbyterian), whose venerable editor Dr. Samuel Irenæus Prime, died recently. Then followed in rapid succession *Zion's Herald* (Methodist), the *Christian Register* (Unitarian), in 1821, the *Christian Intelligencer* (Dutch Reformed) in 1830, the *Evangelist* (Presbyterian) in 1830, and many others.

"Boycotting" would appear to have reached the top of folly in Chicago, where the saloon-keepers have resolved to do no business with those firms that employ temperance men. It is often hard to tell which is the more impracticable man—the cranky saloon keeper or the cranky prohibitionist. But when liquor sellers talk of boycotting business establishments because their employes keep sober than it becomes easy to decide in favor of the most cranky prohibitionist as the man of superior sense. It would seem that these saloon-keepers could not fully protect their interests short of requiring firms from whom they buy anything to secure their employes from the inebriate asylums.

It is now surmised that Slater wrote his letter. But the president says that he doesn't know whether the writer is a republican or a democrat. This would make it pretty hard on Slater. He was a senator six years and stood at Washington some months after Cleveland came in, trying to get an office and yet he had so little account that the president doesn't remember enough about him to know whether he is a republican or democrat. But perhaps it wasn't Slater. If however, it should prove to be Slater, it would be a political joke of the broadest guage ever set on wheels in Oregon.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, whose death occurred last week in San Francisco, was a writer of considerable ability and a woman of many excellent qualities. She had been a contributor to magazines and newspapers for many years previous to her death, and over the pseudonym of "H. H." wrote much that has given her a deserved fame in the world of letters. One of the best of her short stories was written to the SUNDAY OREGONIAN some weeks ago, and our readers would have heard from her often had not death put in a prior claim.

The new invention of a New York firm to turn garbage into a valuable fertilizer by means of fire, is worthy of the attention of sanitary organizations, and of all people interested in the preservation of health in cities. If this process can satisfactorily perform what is claimed for it, a fruitful source of disease may be easily eradicated. Now, if some bold inventor will only discover a process of turning all sewerage into something equally innocuous and valuable, the duties of boards of health will become comparatively easy and agreeable.

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says the New York *Herald*. "We will be entirely frank with the president and his cabinet. It seems to us that of late they have begun to be baffled by the office-seekers. They cannot afford that. Let them do their duty to the country. Says the New York *Tribune*. "There is a return all along the line, under cover of dishonest professions of reform, to the crude principal of political spoils."

The Minneapolis *Tribune* remarks that as Grant's war horses are beginning to die, and his body servants are making their appearance in various parts of the country. We may look for sporadic cases of war horse and body servant for the next 150 years—unless lying becomes a lost art before that time."

It is said that the Tacoma *News* has been sold to parties who will soon convert it into a democratic morning daily. By the way, why do the democrats of Oregon start a paper in Portland? It would fill a long felt want.

Good anthracite coal is selling at Minneapolis for $4.75 and $5.00 per ton. By the way, as anybody ever going to sell even a poor article of coal in Portland for less than $10?

Salem is an agricultural town. Its big grain crop is oats—wild oats—sown every two years by members of the legislature and lobbyists in attendance.

Butterick's Patterns for September at Wass' Hair Store 83 Yamhill street.

NEW TO-DAY.

[illegible] 50c TABLE LINEN FOR 35c
[illegible] Heller Lace Curtain for —
[illegible] Bleached Sheeting for —
[illegible] Red Table Cloths for —
"The Golden Reynolds store 165 Third st.

P. W. HALTE & CO., PRINTERS,
110 Front st., formerly D. C. Ireland & Co.)
Theatrical and Show Printing

PORTLAND MECHANICS' FAIR
October 3 to 24. A. S. WHITING, Sec'y. 16tf

LADIES' BATHING SUITS.
JOHN CHAN & CO.

RACING!
CITY VIEW PARK,
ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 16th.
Trotting Race between Florence E., Nightshade and Kitty Lynch, in cart, best 2 in 3.
Exhibition Trot between Chance and Buccaneer.
Grand Shooting Match
For championship of the northwest. Diamond Medal and Purse, between Mr W. Lary, champion of Portland, and Mr W. Robinson, of Seattle, W. T.
FOOT RACES. Dancing in the Pavilion.
Rule by Prof. H. C. Eby.
Str. A. A. McKay leaves foot of Morrison st. at 1, 2 and 3o clock. Returning, leaves Park at 5 and 6, and last boat at ringing of Park bell.
PARK for round trip, including admission to Park and Grand Stand, Fifty cents. Excursion from Portland. On Monday Aug 31, the great $5000 trot at City View Park.

BORN.

In this city the 11th inst. to the wife of L. C. Storro, a daughter.

MARRIED.

In this city, the 15th inst., at the Occidental Hotel, by Rev. John Rosenberg, Mr August Belgrist, of Columbia county, and Miss Louisa Jacobson of Portland.

DIED.

At Meacham, Or., the 15th inst., Mrs. Isabella M. Sharp, wife of P. W. Sharp, aged 37 years.

Funeral at residence, in this city, No. 68 South Third street, Monday, 3 P. M.

In this city, August 14, at 11:30 A. M., Thomas Smyth, President Division No. 3, A. O. H., a native of Ballinary Parish of Ballockmoy, County Limerick, Ireland, aged 48 years.

Funeral from his late residence, H street, between North Fourth and North Fifth, Monday, August 17, at 9:30 o'clock A. M. Members of Division No. 3, and friends and acquaintances generally, are respectfully invited to attend.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The Funeral of W. H. Cline will take place to-day (Sunday) from his late residence, No. 91 North Eighth street, between H and F, at 10 o'clock A. M. All friends, Masonic veterans and friends are respectfully invited to attend.

MEETING NOTICES.

Attention, A. O. H., Division No. 3.—You are requested to meet at your hall, 2 P. M. to-day (Sunday), August 17, at 8 o'clock A. M. to attend the funeral of our own late brother, Thomas Smyth. All members in the city in good standing are respectfully invited to attend also all sojourning members. By order of EDWARD HEARTY, V. P.

Attention, A. O. H., Division No. 3.—You are requested to meet at your hall, 21 First street, Sunday, August 16, at 2 o'clock P. M. sharp, to make arrangements for the funeral of your late brother, Thomas Smyth. Per order EDWARD HEARTY.

A. O. H., Division No. 3.—You will meet at your hall in morning (Sunday) the 16th, at 8 A. M. to attend the funeral of your deceased brother, Thomas Smyth. E. CARMODY, President.

Concordia Club.—Regular meeting Monday, August 17, at 8 o'clock P. M. Important business. FRANK [illegible] JOHN, President. JULIUS HELBRECHER, Secretary.

NEW TO-DAY.

SEND YOUR MEASURE FOR ALL WOOL dresses and cloaks to H. B. LEE, The Leader (12a
LATEST STYLE SUITS AND WRAPS AT greatly reduced prices at PILGER'S 138 Third street. 6aug
DRESS MAKING IN EVERY BRANCH ARTISTically executed, by MISS PILGER, at 169 Third street. 5aug
TENT AND CAMP STOVE TO RENT. APPLY to W. P. McCAW, Architect 2 E cor Second and Washington sts. 14a1
WANTED—TO RENT, A SMALL STORE IN good locality, also a rent and address wanted. Address "Central," care Oregonian. 13a1
MONEY TO LOAN ON CITY REAL ESTATE in PARRISH, WATKINS & CORNELL, No 4½ Washington st. 13a1
FOR SALE—70 ACRES OF FINE LEVEL LAND, 7 miles east of Gresham; only $15 per acre, must be sold; call and see us. KROFT & DeVIS, 170 Fourth st.
THE CRACK WRIST PLAYERS OF THE town convene nightly at the Portsmouth Billiard Parlors; superb accommodations there.
HARRY LEWIS, Manager.
NICELY FURNISHED BAY WINDOW PARlor, first floor; also single rooms from $10 to $15 modern house, conveniences unchanged. N. W. cor Ninth and Alder. 16a
WANTED—A THOROUGHLY COMPETENT engineer who has qualifications for running electric or stationary engine; none but sober men will go to any part of country; references given. Address "Engineer," care Oregonian. 10a1
PARTNER WANTED WITH FEW HUNDRED dollars, quite a large share of profits; business absolutely safe, a rare chance to make money. Address Security, P. O. box 544, Portland, Or. 13a6
NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—Notice is hereby given that the firm of Sung Yuen Wing Kee Co. doing business at No. 6 Second st., Portland, Or., has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. Lee Yan Wo to retire from said firm. The business will hereafter be carried on at the old stand by Lee Sam Air Lee Don Yic Lee Gee and Lee Yick Leck under the same firm name of Sung Yuen Wing Kee Co., who will settle all outstanding claims against the old firm and who are authorized to collect all debts due to the same. LEE SAM AIR,
LEE DON YIC,
LEE GEE,
LEE YICK LECK, (10) &
LEE YOU WOO.
Aug 14
TO WATER CONSUMERS.
WATER NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Water Committee in compliance with the ordinance enforced section 10 thereof, will shut off water from all consumers whose rents shall remain unpaid after the 15th day of August, 1885, and will not turn on water again until the rents are paid, together with the additional sum of $1 for turning on the water. By order of the Water Committee.
P. F. MALARKEY, Chairman.
Portland, Or., Aug 14, 1885.

An Investment That Must Pay!
LYNCH'S ADDITION TO PORT MOODY!
The Great Colonial Terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.
A few of steam, light Australian choice lots in Lots from $50 to $100 each. Only a few left. Apply to W. A. DALY & SON, Real Estate and Money Brokers, 108 First st., Portland.

CASINO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner East Park and Washington Streets.
J. A. GROSS, Proprietor and Manager.

WALLACK THEATER CO.
TO-MORROW NIGHT!
The Most Powerful Drama Ever Produced and Never before Seen Here
"VICTOR DURAND!"
Special matinee Wednesday and regular matinee Saturday, on which occasion old popular prices of admission will prevail.
Box office at McKercher & Thompson's. Admission 50c. A few middle seats fronting the stage 75c. Gallery 25c. No extra charge for reserved seats.

The Only Company on the Pacific Coast Governed by the Massachusetts Non-forfeiture Law.
THE [illegible]
Life Insurance Company
OF BOSTON
Incorporated 1835
ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1884 $17,005,667 10
LIABILITIES, Dec., 1884 14,700,110 57
SURPLUS, " " $ 305,556 53
No speculative features. Annual Returns of Surplus Premium and Yearly Progressive Cash Surrender and Paid up Insurance Values, fixed by Massachusetts law, endorsed on the policy. Interest on all policy loans only 5 per cent. Policy contract unrestricted as to travel, residence and occupation. Claims paid immediately upon completion of proofs. Policies issued on all the most approved plans at low rates. Dividends annually, and the whole surplus interest paid in annual returns.
The conditions of all policies in plain simple and liberal in all other respects.
Special attention is called to the fact that this company issues Endowment Policies embracing all the above advantages for the same premiums formerly charged for policies payable only at death, under the title of Life rate Endowments. Such policies challenge all competition as regards the amount and low cost of insurance which they combine with investment as also reaching at half the full amount within the mean expectation of life, and the full amount in a few years later.
Send or call on [illegible] for [illegible] and [illegible] undersigned values etc.
HENRY K. FIELD, General Agent,
Office, 324 Montgomery St., San Francisco.
HENRY HEWETT, Agent,
80 North Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

SALE OF
STATE FAIR BOOTHS.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE BOOTHS at the State Fair Grounds near Salem will be sold at the highest bidder on Thursday, Aug. 20, 1885, at 2 o'clock P. M. Sale to be held on the ON THE FAIR GROUNDS.
Buyers will be required to pay fifty per cent of the price of the booth at the time of purchase at the balance by the 15th day of September, 1885. By order of the Board.
J. T. GREGG, Secretary.
Salem, Aug 8, 1885.

CHILD'S
EXCURSION TO VICTORIA!
Only $10 for Round Trip—Tickets Good for Thirty Days.
DO NOT FAIL TO EMBRACE THIS OPPORTUNity of visiting the Sound, with all its beautiful scenery. The Elegant Steamer OLY MPIAN engaged, one of the Floating Palaces of the Day. Excursion will leave here
WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26—11 45.
For tickets and particulars call on JOHN A. CHILD corner Second and Morrison

SMOKE THE
Unsurpassed for its fine and delicate fragrance. Pronounced by all connoisseurs
The Most Delicious Key West Havana Cigar
In the world.

EDUCATIONAL.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY,
At Salem, Oregon,
HAS TWO NEW BUILDINGS, A LARGE LIBRARY, a complete supply of apparatus, an able faculty, and gives thorough instruction in three College Courses—Classical, Scientific and Literary; and in three Academic Courses—College Preparatory, Normal and Commercial.
Instruction in Modern Languages, Instrumental and Vocal Music, Painting and Drawing.
Ample boarding accommodations at reduced rates. Winter climate dry and healthful. Good sanitary regulations.
Fall Term Begins September 1st.
Send for catalogue to the president.
A. J. ANDERSON, D. D., Walla Walla, W. T.

ST. JOSEPH'S HALL,
Corner Fifth and Mill streets,
Will be reopened for the reception of Pupils on the 7th instant.
ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
Fourth st., bet. Market and Mill.
Portland, Or. Studies in Mary's Boarding and Day School will be resumed August 31. Parents who study the best interests of the children will, it is hoped, be prompt to send them at the beginning of the term.

Manufacturers, Importers & Dealers in
BRUSHES.
—AGENTS FOR—
John W. Masury & Sons' Colors, Ground in Japan and Oil.
Berry Bros.' Varnishes.
Cary, Ogden & Parkers' Mixed Paints.
Pacific White Lead Works White Lead.
Skidegate Oil Works Extra Skidegate Oil.
Northwest Trading Co's Refined Fish Oils.
Proprietors Phoenix Oil Works Manufacturers and Renners of Lubricating and Illuminating Oils.
Factory, Twelfth street, between J and K. Office, 42 Front street, Portland, Oregon.

500
Sen-sinc-ing Fashes
GIVEN AWAY!
For the next sixty days we will present to all Cash purchasers of
READY-MADE CLOTHING
To the amount of $20 and upwards
ONE PINE STEM-FINDING WATCH.
W. CURRIER & CO.,
91 First St., Portland, Or.

—THE—
CHOICE FAMILY
PATENT ROLLER
Takes the Lead Wherever Introduced!
For sale by leading dealers, and by
SIBSON, QUACKENBUSH & CO.,
GENERAL AGENTS OF THE
Portland Flouring Mills Co.

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE.
Valuable Water Frontage.
ON THURSDAY, AUG. 20, AT 2 P. M.
At the Auction Room at public auction to the highest bidder the following valuable property to be sold in lots:
All the River Frontage of Block 6 (adjoining Ankeny Addition) facing Columbia river channel, being 200 feet on Front street by 200 feet deep, and
Lots 36, 38, 98 and 104, each 50 feet on Front by 100 feet deep, all fronting on the river.
These blocks are eligibly located and in immediate proximity to improved property.
Terms—Half cash, balance in 12 months.
E. C. HOLDEN, Auctioneer.

NORTHROP & STURGIS,
PROPRIETORS
Portland Soda Works!
MANUFACTURE THE BEST
Soda Water, Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale, etc.
No Marble Dust used; no Glucose used for Syrups; close test inspection invited.
Also in stock and delivered free to any part of the city
MEDICINAL AND TABLE WATERS.
APOLLINARIS, [illegible] and
VICHY SPRINGS, [illegible]
HUNYADI SELTZER, etc.
NORTHROP & STURGIS,
93 and 95 Oak st., cor. Fifth, Portland, Or.

HO! FOR THE OCEAN!
THE RESORT OF THE COAST—PARADISE FOR PLEASURE SEEKERS!
NORTH COVE, situated near the entrance to Shoalwater Bay, is unequaled as a climate for sea bathing, unsurpassed as a summer and fall feed ground, driving, shooting grouse, moss, knolls, romantic scenery and beautiful walks. Besides not accommodations. A most delightful resort for families. An abundance of clams and other shellfish in fact all the natural advantages of a summer resort. Route by stage from Tokeland to Oysterville, thence by steamer to North Cove. Special hotel rates by week or month. For particulars address
THOS. RONEY, North Cove, W. T.

WILHOIT SPRINGS!
SUMMER RESORT.
HOUSE RENOVATED AND PLACED IN THOROUGH repair. New rooms added for the amusement and comfort of guests. Our aim will be to cater to wants of patrons. Table supplied with all the market affords. The waters are well known curative properties of the water make this the most desirable health resort on the coast. Camp grounds in good order. Provisions, cigars, tobacco, etc. at the store on reasonable terms. On and after the 1st of June we will cash Hubbard Station daily, connecting with the morning trains each way on the O. & C. R. R. Through fare to the springs, $4 for adults. BLANK & BERAN will hoist Clackamas Co. or McLEBAN BROS. Portland.

LOUISVILLE RESTAURANT.
JOHN SLAVICH,
THE POPULAR RESTAURATEUR,
Has just refitted his large, elegant and well appointed Restaurant, First st., bet. Morrison and Yamhill. Meals can be obtained at all hours, day or night. A number of fine rooms have been fitted up for ladies.

The Bishop Scott Grammar School.
A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS. The eighth year under the present management begins Sept. 1. Boys of any age or degree of advancement admitted. Boys fitted for college or business. Three Yale graduates among the teachers. Special instruction in penmanship, drawing, music and modern languages. Discipline strict. No bad boys admitted. For catalogue and circular or any information address J. W. HILL, M. D., Head Master, Portland, Or. P. O. Drawer 17.

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

WET NURSE—YOUNG HEALTHY WOMAN wanted take child to nurse. Address Mrs. HENRY, box 23 Washougal. 8a1w
WANTED—A SITUATION BY A MIDDLE aged lady, as cook in some first-class family, has had years of experience and can give best of reference. Apply at 198 South Fifth st. 12a8
TWO GIRLS WISH SITUATION TO DO GENeral housework city or country place. Apply at 106 Fifth st. bet. Washington and Stark. 11a2
YOUNG MARRIED MAN WANTS STEADY employment, character good, could loan employer two [illegible] hundred dollars with the interest, if properly secured. Address 298 Thirteenth st. 10a8
LADY WANTS A SITUATION WITH FIRSTclass family, up stairs work and sewing, or light housekeeping, references given. Please call, or address "299," city. 229 Sixth st. 14a1

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

GENTLEMAN DESIRES FURNISHED ROOM in private house, central location. Address "Roomer," care Oregonian. 15a2
WANTED—TO RENT, BY A PARTY WITH out children, a private boarding-house furnished or partially furnished, good neighborhood. Address K, care Oregonian. 15a4
STOCK OF STAPLE GOODS WANTED—I HAVE a cash buyer for a stock of Boots and Shoes, Grocery, Hardware or Staple Drygoods; must be a bargain. Address buyer, care D. A. J. Welch, attorney at law, 183½ First st. Strictest confidence may be relied upon. 15a1
WANTED—ON SEPT. 1st, A HOUSE WITH 8 or 9 rooms, centrally located and all modern improvements. Address K, 192 N. Thirteenth st. 10a1

WANTED—HELP.

WANTED—AN INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG MAN, with good education. Apply at room 8, 276½ First st. 10a8
WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSEwork. Apply at 77 Columbia st., cor. Fourth, bet. 9 and 11 A. M. 14a1
GIRLS WANTED AT MISS PLATT'S Dekum Block. 29 tf

WANTED—AGENTS.

WANTED—AGENTS IN EVERY COUNTY IN the U. S., $75 per month or commission, send stamp, go-ds sold by sample. PAUL TABOR, Chicago. 12a1
WANTED—A LADY OF GOOD ADDRESS, NOT afraid of work in every county on the coast. Big pay to right person. A. L. BANCROFT & CO., San Francisco. 13a1
GRANT'S GRANT—ACTIVE MEN and women wanted at once to canvass for the most salable book ever published. "Life of Grant" in one volume, one-fourth the size of the two volume edition, and everybody is buying, thousands are being sold. Grant is now the best hero, and the only complete and authentic record of the Life of Grant. Send for circulars, outfits and time means more money. Don't be put off by other agents or dentists. Publishers, A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn. 4aSu&Wf

THE COMING BOOK FOR AGENTS—JOHN Echo's Humor, a rich, racy book, fairly overflowing with humorous situations, and crowded with fascinating portrayed by anecdotes, incidents, personal experience, startling facts and disclosures, side-splitting stories, humorous situations, and comedy. It is graphic and fascinating tales of the most taking pathos. Be the quick. The field will soon be taken up. A. L. BANCROFT & CO., San Francisco.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—DESIRABLE LITTLE HOMES IN East Portland on easy terms also house and full lot with spring water on this side of river. Call at 125 First st. 125 First st.
240 ACRES—THREE-FOURTHS OF IT TIMBER land 9 miles from Deposit on railroad, 4 miles well of good timber cut for sale cheap. Address A. F. Hall, Deposit, Or. 14a1
FOR SALE—FARM OF 110 ACRES, ALL UNDER fence, 80 acres in cultivation, good dwelling house and barn, 7 miles from Cedar Mills Postoffice, Washington county, will sell on easy terms or part cash. Apply on premises.
FOR SALE—IN HILLSBORO, OR., ONE LOT, 60 by 120 with house, 5 rooms, pantry, etc. the building is 16 feet in the front room is 12x16 altitude, room 12x8 k

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Y & Co's
RPET
Cigars.
MARKET.
ble Agents.

ROOMS AND OFFICES.

ROOMS, FURNISHED, EN
each and gas. 372 First st. 30ly

FURNISHED ROOMS, GAS, BATH,
by street cars. Inquire at 324 Mor-
rison.

DESIRABLE HOUSEKEEPING
ed complete; also furnished front
single, $8; 12½ Fifth st. 28ly

SECOND FLOOR OF TELEPHONE
second and A, consisting 5 desirable
ms for housekeeping. 7ms

IN HOUSE, 306½ FIRST STREET,
n the St. George Hotel, fire-proof
egantly furnished lodging house in
n suite or single 94ms

VERY FINE ALCOVE EAST
, suitable for two persons, at 56 N.
ond. 18aif

A LARGE WELL-FURNISHED
th alcove bay window; also a
ite 47 Second st., cor. Jefferson.
References required. 14aif

A LARGE WELL-FURNISHED
th alcove, bay window; hot and cold
ter; one location centr l; terms
asonable; call at 147 Third st. 15aif

FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, NO.
st., cor. Second: fine rooms and
claim.

BOARDING HOUSE.—PERSONS DE
comfortable lodgings, call at 329½
Second and Main. Terms reasonable.

ROOMS AND BOARD.

FIRST-CLASS ROOMS—BRICK CHI-
nodeliers; gaslights; Home Washington
st., near Twenty-first st. 12ap

COTTAGE OF 6 ROOMS; SITUATE
ster and Hooker sts; water closets
d bath-room. Inquire at No. 20
Sixth. 6aif

KING HOUSE, 14 ROOMS AND
session in the city, on E between
ourths of ALBINSON & WAKE;
st., opposite Ladd & Tilton's bank.

FOR LEASE—A COMFORTABLE
ht-room residence of ballroom,
c., conveniences; 10 street cars;
ute, at 199 Pacific st.

COTTAGE TO RENT, CONTAIN
ern closets and bathroom; good
ar; located. For further particu-
s, APPLY TO PARRISH, WATKINS & COE,
shington st. 6aif

ROOMS WITH BOARD.

DESIRABLE ROOMS, WITH BOARD,
able, by MRS. MARY E. MORRIDE
Mason's houses, 288 Third st. 16a m

ROOMS WITH BOARD, IN GOOD
ate; prices 25 Third st. 16aim

ROOMS—PLEASANT LOCATION
ss accommodations at MRS. VIN-
'S st., near Third. 30aylm

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

TWO ACRES, IN SUBURBS OF
ced; good dwelling and outhouses;
and berries, water abundant; long
nt. REED WILSON & CO. 14 Ashst.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

KENBUSH & CO., SHIPPING AND
ssion merchants, wholesale flour,
, etc., N W cor. Front and Ash sts.

ERY, SHIP CHANDLERY AND
C N Front st., Portland, Or.

ER, COMMISSION AND PRODUCE
Front and D sts., Portland, Or.

GENERAL COMMISSION MER-
rchant and dealer, 130 Front street.

CO SHIPPING AND COMMIS-
chants, 30 North Front street Portland

NG & CO., SHIP BROKERS AND
Merchants, agents for San Fran
e Co. 34 Front street, cor Ash st.

ST—(J. C. MILLER, W. H. WEST)
erchants in general and dairy pro-
, between Washington and Stark.

CO., IMPORTERS & WHOLE-
and shipping and commission mer-
and 64 North Front st. Portland, Or.

WHOLESALE GROCER AND
ion merchant, Nos. 2 and 4 North
, Or.

PURCHASER OF
urs wool and tallow and general
duce, consignments solicited. No.
C box 151 Portland, Oregon.

COMMISSION MERCHANT,
and dealer in tropical and domestic
canned fruits, nuts, figs, dates and
ce. Consignments of Oregon and
solicited.

FINANCIAL.

$2000 $1600 TO LOAN ON IM-
ved city property. J. P. O
tel Estate Broker, 31 Stark st.
0 18a. 11tf

$0 TO LOAN ON REAL ES-
in sums to suit; will have the
investment at lowest legal rates;
property only. A. J. WELCH, at-
, First st. 14af

$—IN ONE OR MORE SUMS, TO
loan on city real estate security.
Real Estate and Stock Broker, 15
14ap1

LOAN—FROM $1000 TO $5000 TO
5 years on approved security.
LAYTON & GETTLE, 28 Stark st.

AN—SECURITIES PURCHASED
iscounted by B. GOLDSMITH
& cor. First and Washington sts.

OAN—IN SUMS TO SUIT, ON
niture without removal notes dis-
d; general brokerage. A. J.
at law, 133½ First st. 15ap

LOAN—ON IMPROVED CITY
ing time. F. B. GATMAN, 104 First.

ESS CHANCES.

RTNER IN AN ESTABLISHED
ing $20 00 per year guaranteed
terest for $,000 ; physical pri-
r address L. N. No. 11 Bird st.,
Hall's Block.

RGAIN—A HOTEL (FUR-
n with all the Chairs), Grocery
ch in separate building. Rent
$140.00 per annum. P. R. apply on
$100 feet. Price $1,000. Call or
RT TAZEAU, 9 Third st. W T

GOOD CHANCE—ON ACCOUNT
ed to leave for Europe on press-
ness, factory and horse and harness
Between 4th and Washington near
ry; sold as a gross bargain. The pur-
ed the trade of making French
20tf

FESSIONAL CARDS.

ENRY M. D. OFFICE HOURS,
to 12 and 2 to 4. Cor. First
Yamhill st.

PHICIAN AND SURGEON,
ce at the Marquis Apart-
Fourth st.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
ashington st. Hours No
10 to 11

—ATTORNEYS AT LAW, FORT
ce Ramsay Block, First
nal Bank

LCOX ATTORNEY AT LAW,
61 California street, San Francisco.
ade for Portland firms. 16aif

MISCELLANEOUS.

S—HAIR DRESSER AND WIG
Fourth st., Stamping and Pinking,
Hangs, etc. at reduced prices.

& CO. CIGAR MANUFACTUR-
First and Alder streets Portland.
factory No. 28 Mc Gregor's P. O.

& CO., PRACTICAL PLUMB-
Steam Fitters. Hot water heating
Third and Alder sts., Portland.

RICATING COMPOUND
& LUBRICATING OIL.

EN SAN FRANCISCO AND 91,
land, Or., sole agents. These lubri-
used in San Francisco throughout
England Australia &c. They
ficiency and economy.

WORKING MACHINERY!

EN SAN FRANCISCO AND 91,
land, Or., Iron and Railroading

S AND SMALL POWER.

EN SAN FRANCISCO AND 91,
land, Or. sole agents for Williard's
Rigs and small Engines for gen-

R AND FINDINGS.

PLET & CO. SUCCESSORS TO
AY, 124 Front, bet. Washington and
and Findings, Shoe Store Supplies.

DISE BROKERAGE.

EY, COMMISSION AND MER-
rage, cor. First and A, Portland.

G MACHINERY

Y, MILL, RAILWAY & MA-
a specialty. 86 North Front st.

INAND ABOUT PORTLAND

Judge John P. Hoyt, of Olympia, is at the Esmond.

The funeral of Wm. B. Clark takes place at 10 o'clock this morning.

Mr. J. G. Flint, a big pork merchant of Milwaukee, and wife are at the Esmond.

Arthur Kohn returned yesterday from a two months' business trip in connection with his new store.

Mr. F. R. Mellis leaves for the East to-morrow on a business trip. He goes by the way of San Francisco.

A number of Chinese, comprising eight section gangs, were sent up on the Northern by Wing Sing yesterday.

A car load of Hungarian and Italian prunes and golden drop plums will be shipped to Chicago to-morrow from here.

The East Portland *Tradicator* entered on its thirteenth volume yesterday. At no time in its history has it enjoyed greater prosperity than at present.

Charles E. Whitehead, a prominent lawyer of New York, who has been visiting the Northwest in the interest of clients, who own stock in various railways here, left for home overland yesterday.

A witty young lady residing on Fourth street was asked a few evenings since by some admirers who failed to favor them with a home selection on the piano. She declined politely but firmly, saying, "I play only for my own amazement."

Races at City View park to-day. Two trotting races, by the noted horses Kitty Lynch, Night Shade, Florence E, Chance and Buckaneer. Champion shooting match for the championship and diamond medal, between Wm. L. Curry and W. Robinson.

The mess mess for wood ducks, mallards, etc., in Washington territory, ended yesterday, and H. C. Macdonald, Cy Merrick and W. F. Loring were off yesterday for Salmon creek to slaughter innocent young birds. They expect to return this evening with a whole wagon load of slappers.

Thirty tourists who arrived the evening before by the Oregon took passage yesterday by the Northern Pacific for Yellowstone park. Twenty were eastern people who came out to San Francisco by the Central and were returning by the Northern, four were Californians and six were Englishmen returning home from Australia and New Zealand.

The ball game at "The Oaks" will be called promptly at 3 o'clock this afternoon. Brandt will catch for the Portlands and Edwards will play third base. The Stars will have the same nine as last Sunday. Their catcher, Wilson, is in better form, and a close game may be expected. In order to correct a wrong impression thought to be stated that the admission is twenty-five cents.

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.

German exchanges speak of a rare event occurring in that country. The Freiherr von Wintzingerode, an uncle of our fellow citizen, C. von Wintzingerode, celebrates with his wife their iron wedding on the 16th of July, at Aulenbach near Nordhausen. The aggregate age of the couple is 171 years. They have been married sixty-five years. In 1870 they celebrated their golden, and in 1880 their diamond wedding.

MOVED 200 HOUSES.

Payson Hatch, who went up to Yakima last January to move the town to the new location on the railroad, is back again. He says that about 200 buildings have been removed, and old town may be virtually considered *non est*. The court house cannot be removed until the necessary legislation is had. The Christian church, Catholic church, school house and the residences of several of the original proprietors of the old town site remain there, and it is not known whether they will be removed or not.

SPECIMENS OF NEW FRUIT.

H. W. Prettyman, the well known nurseryman, has left at this office samples of a seedling pear grown by him but not yet named. The fruit is large, handsome, sweet and luscious and bids fair to become a desirable addition to the present list. It "fills a long felt want," ripening just after the Bartlett. Mr. Prettyman also left specimens of a seedling apple which in size and shape resembles the Baldwin but is a richer and darker red. He has paid a great deal of attention to collecting seedling fruits principally pears and cherries, and has grown some fifty new varieties, a number of which promise to be of lasting value.

ENVIED HIS SWIMMING SUIT.

A person dressed in a Paul Boyton swimming suit disporting himself in the river in front of the city attracted considerable attention last evening. He lay on his back, his head well supported, and plied his paddle and smoked his cigar quite at his ease. Envious glances were cast at him by several fellows who had been unable to raise coin for the Saturday night excursion to the seaside. They had thought of walking, but, although having big enough feet, they lacked the requisite amount of faith to make the plan a success, and they just thought that if they had that Boyton suit and paddle they would be at Fort Clatsop early in the morning.

WAR RELIC.

S. F. Blythe, a well known printer of this city, is the possessor of an interesting war relic in the shape of a genuine "Arkansas toothpick," or bowie knife, which he picked up on the battle field of Shiloh, where he served on the Union side. The blade and handle are each nine inches in length. It has lately been sent out to him from his old home. It shuts up like a jack knife. It was manufactured by hand by some Southern blacksmith, and is about as ugly-looking an article of cutlery as one would wish to see. Of course, Mr. Bly prizes it very highly. He has also a sword picked up on one of the fields where he fought.

ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

The following new books have been received and added to the Library association of Portland during the week:

Aulnay Tower. By Blanche Willis Howard.
Silken Threads. By George Afterem.
Simply a Love Story. By Philip Orne.
A Little Upstart. By Wm. H. Riding.
The America's Cup. How it was Won by the Yacht America in 1851, and has been since Defended. By Capt. Roland F. Coffin.
A Canterbury Pilgrimage. Rigden, Written and illustrated by Joseph Pennell.
Almost in the North or Hunting and Fishing Adventures in the Arctic Regions. By Frederick Schwatka.
Log Cabin Series.—The Lost Trail. By Edward S. Ellis.
Barbara Heathcote's Trial. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.
The Lady with Rubies, from the German of E. Marlitt.

STREET INTERSECTIONS AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN.

The superintendent of streets, in reply to "Third Ward," says that the statement that the "four corners on street intersections are on a common level" in the hilly districts is a misrepresentation of facts; that there is one foot fall across the streets that run north and south, and that it is debris from woodpiles dirt chokes the gutters and causes all the trouble in overflowing the streets and sidewalks." But he says nothing about the charge of insufficiency of the open and closed gutters where there is a large flow of water.

Therefore, this important point in "Third Wards' array of defects in the plan of street improvement is concerned.

There is no desire to misrepresent facts. It may be true that there are exceptions to the general rule about these intersections, and it is equally true that in several instances the disgusted property owners, on their own account, have raised the sidewalks on the southwest corner thereby exercising a God-given right to protect their property and have thus increased the grade across the streets, to enable the water to pass on, also adding much to the mechanical appearance of the street. No misrepresentations have been made by "Third Ward," the sidewalks are there now, as so many witnesses to bear testimony as to the truth of the statement.

A careful survey has been made, the spectacles have been adjusted, another focus brought to bear upon the object, and the facts are revealed, that the grade across the street, and the size of the box (which purports to have been put there to carry water) are both insufficient for drainage purposes, if there were no wood piles within a hundred miles.

The superintendent wants some remedies, this is hardly necessary, for every well-founded and convincing objection generally suggests the proper remedy for the thing objected to. For instance, if it is found that the sidewalks at the southwest corners are too low, the proper remedy would certainly be to raise them higher.

But it does not follow that this is a general remedy for all wrongs. If a city officer was found playing it low down in his official duties, it would be highly proper for the mayor to find some more appropriate remedy.

Third ward has no personal charges to make, no favorites to provide offices for, and no personal or political favors to ask, but wants the work that the city officials do at the expense of the taxpayers and property owners, performed in a faithful, correct, and economical manner. We think we have not received value for money expended on such work. Our surface drainage is a miserable failure, its very defects are taken as an excuse by the city authorities for substituting box drains, these are expensive nuisances, and the people in some parts of the city, (on Montgomery street, for instance) after a short trial clamored to have it taken up and a terra cotta sewer put in its place.

The superintendent has seen proper to lug in the Fourth street sewer question, and reads Third ward a lecture for remonstrating against his own interest, and in doing it exhibits some temper.

We have not heard that any property owner has felt aggrieved about the failure to construct the Fourth street sewer, but it is said that some of the city officials are fighting mad about it, and the superintendent of streets lets that bad temper crop out in his communication.

There is something very uncommon and very strange, too, in this matter. Usually men who are exposing a good, fat salaried office love their ease and don't want extra work imposed upon them. But here we have officials that are mad because people who are expected to pay for certain work don't want it, and exercise their legal rights in stopping it, thereby saving these officials from many days' hard work in the broiling sun or the pelting rain, and also relieving them from the care, anxiety, responsibilities and watchfulness of the public interests, and for all this they are not happy. Why is this? Will the superintendent enlighten us?

THIRD WARD.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Rev. J. S. Festerson will preach at the Baptist church in East Portland, to-morrow at 11 A. M. Sunday school at 12 30 P. M.

Trinity church, corner of Sixth and Oak streets—Services at 11 A. M., Sunday school at 9 45 A. M. No evening service during August.

Rev. J. S. Festerson will preach at the South Portland Baptist mission to-morrow at 5 P. M. Gospel meetings at the same place every Friday evening.

South Portland M. E. mission, Baker's hall, corner Miss. and Hood streets—Sunday school 3 P. M. Gospel meeting 8 P. M. Addresses by J. E. Haseltine and others.

St. Stephens Chapel, corner of Jefferson and Fifth streets. Divine service will be held in the chapel this morning at eleven o'clock. Sunday school at ten. Seats free.

Lutheran divine service—Conducted by Rev. H. Engh in the Norwegian-Danish language, will be held in the Lutheran church in Stephens' addition, East Portland, at 11 o'clock A. M.

United Presbyterian church, corner Sixth and Montgomery streets, Wm. R. Dawson, pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P. M. Sabbath school at 12 30 P. M. A cordial invitation to all.

Hall street M. E. church, corner Hall and Sixth streets.—Class meeting at 10 A. M. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P. M. Sunday school 12 15 P. M. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7 45 P. M. Free seats.

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal Church—Classes at 9 A. M. and at 12 M. Sunday school at 12 M. Young people's praise meeting at 6 30 P. M. Public service morning and evening. Sermons by the pastor.

The First Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets—Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, pastor. Preaching to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock by Rev. J. J. Fessenden. No service in the evening. Sabbath school meets at 12:30 o'clock.

Grace Methodist Episcopal church, corner Taylor and Eleventh—Rev. E. W. Caswell, pastor. Communion and reception of members at 11 A. M. Prayer and praise service at 7 45 P. M. Sunday school at 12 15 P. M. Seats free.

Scandinavian M. E. church, corner D and Twelfth streets—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. C. N. Hanze, at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P. M. Sunday school at 12:15. Praise service at 6 45 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. All invited.

First Christian church, Columbia and East Park streets—Preaching every Lord's day, morning and night by the pastor, F. W. Webb. Sunday school at 12 30. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. The public cordially invited.

Seamen's Bethel and Sunday school—Corner Third and D streets, Chaplain Stubbs, pastor. Sunday school at 11 A. M. Preaching at 7 30 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday. Temperance services by the W. C. T. U. on Friday. Meetings at 7 30 P. M.

Presbyterian church, corner Washington and Third streets—Dr. A. L. Lindsley pastor. During the month of August the Sunday preaching services will be omitted. The Sunday school at 9 45 and the Thursday evening meeting at 7 45 will be continued as usual.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner Ninth and Clay streets—Pastor, Rev. E. T. Lee. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P. M. The sermon, morning and evening, will be by James Wells, D. D., president of the Theological seminary Oakland, Cal., and late of the Presbyterian church, Cincinnati, Ohio. Sabbath school at 12:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to these services.

PUGET SOUND M. E. CONFERENCE.

NEW TACOMA, Aug. 14.

At 9 o'clock A. M. the conference was opened in due form, proceeded by devotional services, led by Rev. F. M. Robertson.

Before proceeding to the transaction of business Bishop Walden made some remarks bearing upon the general work. He said in the war of the rebellion the question was which shall survive, the Union or the Confederacy? In the nature of the case both could not abide. So in this case we are in line of battle, the enemy is before us, one or the other must surrender. In making our attack upon the enemies of righteousness, he said we ought to weigh well the question as to where our onset would count most.

After this address the minutes were read and corrected, and the conference proceeded to business.

The Rev. D. G. LeSourd, presiding elder of the Seattle district, reported his district. The report revealed the fact that great effort had been bestowed by the pastors upon their various fields, and that through perils by land and sea, and under great privation in some cases, the scandals of the church have been carried forward and along the entire line of the district. His detailed statement concerning each particular, pastoral charge was very interesting.

Each pastor in the district then made a report of the work in his charge.

The name of the Rev. A. J. Hanson, presiding elder of the Olympia district, was then called, who made an interesting report of the work upon his district, and was followed by reports from pastors on the district.

The question of where the next session of the annual conference should be held—Olympia, Port Townsend and Montesano were named. The customary speeches, argumentative, humorous and witty were indulged in by the advocates of the respective places, and when the matter came to vote, Port Townsend was chosen as the next place of meeting.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock an interesting Sunday-school meeting was held. Several of the clergy addressing the audience.

The various committees were appointed in their work and will begin during the conference year, reading to session. This evening, at 8 o'clock, the missionary anniversary will be held. Bishop Walden will bring his keen business instinct and large experience to bear upon the subject in his address, and the Rev. B. F. Crary, D. D., of San Francisco, will mingle logic and wit in such measure that no one will go to sleep upon the occasion. He is a prince among platform speakers.

The weather here is very comfortable barring the sun stroke.

The Tacoma, W. L. Tyler, host, manager, is well patronized by guests from all parts of the country.

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Heron to arrive over the Northern Pacific C. B. Rockwood, Mi hael Smyth, James Kemp A. Roberts, O. J. Sharkey, A. Cooking ham, O. Barnes, Miss A. Barnes, Miss Amy Dumas, Miss A. Trainum, A. N. Parry, and 17 immigrants.

Passed Huntington to arrive over the Oregon Short Line to-day. Dennis Kenyon, J. B. Potter, D. McLain, George Thomas, J. H. Martin, Miss C. Bleckett, J. S. Williams, H. C. Montgomery, C. M. Turner, F. L. Olmstead, Mrs. Young, W. C. Starr, M. Strassburger and seventeen immigrants.

THE SKIDMORE FOUNTAIN.

PORTLAND, Aug. 15.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN.

I have talked with a great many friends on the subject, and nearly all agreed that the best location for the Skidmore fountain is at the junction of First and A streets. Unless the expense should prove too great, I think provision should be made for an ice chamber, so that the thirsty may have cold water through the two or three hot months of summer. MULTNOMAH.

Don't fill the system with quinine, when fever and ague, and malarial fevers can be much more effectively treated by Ayer's Ague Cure. Warranted to cure.

Parties going on the Child's excursion to Victoria, should call and secure their berths on the steamer Olympia as early as possible.

The Pioneer saloon, No. 3 Alder street, after being thoroughly renovated, is re-opened.

Washington Boat House, south side Stark st.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL

Dedication of the Church of Our Lady Immaculate.

DESCRIPTION OF THE EDIFICE.

Imposing Ceremonies Presided Over by Archbishop Gross, Assisted by the Portland Clergy—History of the Building.

The Cathedral of our Lady Immaculate, at the corner of Third and Stark streets, was solemnly dedicated yesterday with all the imposing ceremonies of the ritual of the Catholic church. The dedication ceremonies commenced at 10 A. M., and long before that time every nook and corner of the spacious building was filled to overflowing.

The dedication proper opened by the archbishop, who acted as celebrant, and a number of assisting priests appearing at the front entrance of the church and chanting psalms. After a few minutes the clerical body formed in procession and marched very slowly down the center aisle toward the altar. The procession was preceded by about twenty youthful acolytes bearing a censor and candles. The following is the order in which they marched: Archbishop Wm. H. Gross, celebrant; Rev. J. F. Fierens, assistant priest. Rev. P. Gilmer and J. S. White, deacons of the hymn. Rev. B. Orth, deacon of mass; Rev. E. Villas, sub-deacon of mass; Rev. L. Metayer, first master of ceremonies, Rev. D. Thiban, second master of ceremonies, Rev. L. Verhaag, cross bearer.

Reaching the altar, the procession halted. Following this came the appropriate ceremonies of the blessing in which all the priests participated, each performing his allotted office. Just before the conclusion of this portion of the dedication, the archbishop, preceded by the acolytes and followed by the assisting priests, marched with deliberate steps around the interior of the cathedral, solemnly chanting in unison psalms. Archbishop Gross repeatedly blessed the edifice. On reaching the altar the archbishop was then installed on his throne on the left side with solemn pomp, during which time the full orchestra stationed in the gallery discoursed in soft, subdued strains a sacred selection. This concluded the first or introductory ceremonies of the dedication.

High pontifical mass immediately followed. The ceremonies during the mass, in which the archbishop acted as celebrant, assisted by a number of subordinates, were very impressive and attractive, and added no little pomp to the occasion.

The mass cal portion of the dedication exercise at the Catholic cathedral was very fine. Haydn's "Third Mass," commonly known as the "Imperial" or "Coronation Mass," was rendered. This mass was composed for the coronation of one of the emperors of Austria. The offertory was an Ave Maria for soprano, solo and grand chorus and orchestra. It was composed by E. C. Masten, of this city, leader of the cathedral choir, and has been sung with great success in Paris and San Francisco. The full choir numbered nearly forty voices, accompanied by a full orchestra, all under the leadership of W. H. Kinross.

After the gospel, Archbishop Gross delivered from his throne a masterly, eloquent and appropriate discourse.

As the Catholic church celebrated the feast of the assumption of the Virgin Mary, the archbishop took advantage of the event to demonstrate by his sermon the pre-eminent part the blessed virgin played in the economy of man's salvation. He prefaced his masterly discourse by giving a graphic picture of Satan's endeavor to destroy God, but finding himself frustrated in his attempt, the arch-fiend endeavored, as the next best thing, to destroy his image, which is man. But the Almighty was alive to all his diabolical schemes and followed them step by step. From the time the first parents, Adam and Eve, had grievously offended by the eating of the forbidden fruit, and by so doing their sin and its consequences passed unto all men. Yet God did not leave them hopeless.

At this point of the service his grace portrayed the part which woman acted in the eventful scene of man's rebellion against the mandates of the Most High, yet, said he, she was not altogether to blame for her sin was not entirely and perfectly consummated till Adam, her consort and the head of the human family, had consented and co-operated in her guilt and downfall. As Eve most graviously offended by gratifying the triple concupiscence of pride of faith, pride and sensuality, so Mary the Virgin repaired their offense by manifesting and practising in a prominent degree the opposite virtues of faith humility and immaculate purity. As by eating the forbidden fruit death entered the world, so by partaking of the fruit of the Virgin, which is Christ Jesus, life again was bestowed to the world.

In conclusion the archbishop congratulated from his heart the non-Catholic, as well as the Catholic residents of the city for the grand edifice which was yesterday finally dedicated. He congratulated in a particular manner Father Fierens for his energetic labors during his long career as pastor of the parish, and remarked that the great pride of his life was now complete.

The magnificent building was erected and brought to completion by the charity of the public, and he assured them, one and all, who had contributed towards the great work would not only be rewarded here but hereafter.

Notwithstanding the archbishop was over an hour in his delivery, and the large edifice was packed and very warm, the sermon was listened to with the flagging interest and attention.

At the conclusion of the mass the immense congregation filed out and the formal dedication was ended.

Throughout these ceremonies were grand and solemn. Every attendant circumstance tended to lighten and intensify the impressive effect of the occasion. The immense throng the host which rested upon all, the "dim religious light" shed through the many particolored memorial windows, the gorgeous intings and appointments of the altar, the sweet, touching harmonies of the mass the swinging of incense the adoration of the host; all descended the solemnity of the hour and made the very air seem freighted with religious mystery and peopled with spiritual fancies.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING.

In the construction of the Cathedral simple, pure Gothic style is rigidly preserved. It has a front on Stark street of 90 feet and a length of 151 feet on Third street. It contains a basement of 10 feet 3 inches high in the clear and the floor of which is 6 inches above the level of the sidewalk. The height of the main building from the floor to the apex of the roof is 85 feet, the roof being covered with galvanized iron sheeting. The tower, being of solid masonry standard iron, after reaching a height of about 100 feet, will be surmounted by a spheaid cross, the summit of which will be 211 feet above the level of the street.

The interior of the church presents a very chaste and handsome appearance and the Catholics of the city have just cause to feel proud of it. The ceiling, which is highest in the center, is supported by columns. Behind the altar is a large window of stained glass presented by Mr. and Mrs. Ben Holladay. Passing through folding doors one stands in the spacious auditorium which is arranged in the usual manner with a bowed center and side aisles, with galleries on three sides and lighted through out by handsome windows of stained glass. The galleries are supported by views of clustered columns reaching to the roof of groined arches which is of a pale blue and speckled, with golden stars and frescoed with the cross, crozier, chalice, censor, dove, bleeding heart and other appropriate emblems, while at the north and over the altar are groupings of church. There are five rows of pews built of light and dark woods, cedar, redwood, maple and black walnut. They are of elegant design and workmanship, the ends being paneled in the Gothic style which prevails throughout the building. The altar is of the same wood as the pews, and is very handsome. The space inside is richly carpeted. The altar is of chaste design and elaborate workmanship. At the right of the altar is a dais of three steps, on the top of which stands the archbishop's throne. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship, elegantly carved and upholstered with red plush, and surmounted by the double cross of an archbishop. Above it is a canopy rising to some height, exquisitely carved and also surmounted by a double cross. On each side, a step lower is a seat for the archbishop's attendants. On the left of the altar is a lower dais or which is a richly upholstered sofa. There are two side altars less elaborate than the main one. All are painted white, and when completed will be picked out with gold. The movable pulpit is of black walnut and maple burl, richly carved and in keeping with the throne.

The rows of clustered columns are painted a grayish tint, and the gallery fronts a light pink, gray with dark stripes and gilded on the panels and carving. The whole in the rich light streaming through the windows of stained glass presents an enchanting appearance.

The handsome windows which add so much to the beauty of the church, were presented by the following persons and organizations: Sisters of St. Vincents Hospital, Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society, John Sinnich, Ancient Order of Hibernians; Mrs. John Donnerberg, Branch No. 335 Catholic Knights of America, Rev. J. M. Boudicard, Mr. and Mrs. Lavi Anderson, James McKay, Confraternity of Faithful Departed, Marino Zan, John O'Connor, In memory of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Hogan, John Hanover, St. Mary's Academy, St. Mary's Hospital, Astoria, John Barrett, F. B. Stinnot, W. P. and Miss C. M. Burke, John Gearin, Mrs. R. B. Knapp, David Monnastes and D. F. Campbell. The windows on each side of the altar are the gift of Father Fierens.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE CATHEDRAL.

The first movement toward the erection of a catholic church in Portland was commenced in the fall of 1851, at which time Rev. Jas. Croke, at present in charge of St. Vincent Orphanage, San Rafael, Cal., was authorized by Archbishop Blanchet to solicit donations for the purpose of erecting a small church edifice. About $600 was secured through subscriptions from residents of Portland, which at that time contained but a few hundred inhabitants. Half a block of ground was secured from Capt. J. H. Couch, somewhere in the vicinity of Sixth and D streets, and the building was commenced.

During the erection of the church the few Catholics who were then in Portland used to assemble at the residence of a Catholic family until the completion of the little sacristy at the end of the church, where, for the first time, midnight mass was celebrated at Christmas, 1851. By February, 1852, the work was sufficiently advanced to have the building dedicated, but the edifice itself was a mere shed, the inside walls of which were covered with cotton cloth, the sanctuary and altar steps being covered with China matting. Rough benches answered the purpose of pews, and the whole interior of the edifice was unfinished. Sebastianus Sunday, February 22d, 1852, was appointed for the dedication, which was performed by Archbishop F. N. Blanchet, assisted by Very Rev. S. A. Brouillet, V. G., of Nesqualy, and Rev. James Croke, pastor. The day was one of great rejoicing for the Catholics, who saw themselves at last provided with a building where they could have their sacred mysteries celebrated and visit the blessed sacrament.

The church remained on its original site until 1864, when the congregation began to realize the fact that the building was too remote from the people, besides the road thereto was a mere trail through the woods, backed up by fallen trees, over which the Catholics had to clamber on their way to church. In 1864, therefore, a meeting was called and measures were taken to remove the building to its present site, negotiations having been made with Benjamin Stark for the purchase of three lots, he donating the fourth to the church. Thus the building remained for the next ten years. When in 4862 the Most Rev. Archbishop) removed from Oregon City to Portland, this humble church became this pro-cathedral; and Very Rev. J. T. Fierens, V. G., having been appointed on the 1st of October, 1863, to take charge of the pro-cathedral, he found that the congregation had so increased within a short time as to require a larger building, and it was resolved to change the oblong shape of the edifice into that of a cross, by adding a building 45x50 feet, thus making wings on each side of the main building and increasing its length. This improvement was completed in the fall of 1868, the first service in the enlarged church being celebrated on Christmas day of that year. Seven years more passed when it again became necessary to enlarge the building to meet the wants of the increasing congregation. Very Rev. J. F. Fierens, therefore, concluded to widen the building and to enlarge it so as to extend the body of the church even with the wings, which was accordingly accomplished between August and October of 1871. Thus matters stood the expiration of seven years more it was found necessary entirely remove this landmark of the zeal of the pioneer Catholics of Portland, in order to erect in its place a cathedral worthy of the worship of God, and one that would accommodate the constantly-increasing Catholic population, which at present numbers more hundreds than there were individuals in 1851.

During the interval of these last seven years from 1871 to 1878, the Very Rev. Pastor J. F. Fierens, having provided for the rising generation of his parish an institution of learning—St. Michael's college, and founded that glorious monument of Catholic charity—St. Vincent's hospital, a home for the sick of every nation and every religious persuasion, he turned his thought towards the achievement of the great project of his life, the erection of an enduring cathedral worthy of the church and the people of Portland. On the 20th of May, 1878, the old structure was taken down and partly removed to St. Michael's college, and the laying of the foundation began on the 25th of June, and the corner stone on the 15th of August. Mr. Peter Huerne, of San Francisco, was the architect, and the work has been executed under the personal supervision of Father Fierens and Dr. D. F. Campbell, of this city.

PORTLAND—OMAHA.

PORTLAND, Aug. 15, 1885.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN.—Under the above caption there appeared in your journal of this date an excellent letter, signed "Reader," setting forth the activity of Omaha and the inertness of those of Portland. Being well acquainted with both cities, allow me to offer a few thoughts in answer to "Reader." Omaha is located on the banks of a fine river, but apart from that it has no element of beauty other than that of a number of fine buildings. It has no special surroundings of such character as to warrant the assumption that it can subsist on them, hence its people are reaching out in every direction to corral the trade and general business of all, and more particularly the Pacific states and territories. Portland is located where one of the richest portions of the earth is, and forever must be tributary to it. The people of Portland, and I may add of Oregon, have enjoyed the unprecedentedly rich gifts bestowed upon them by nature for many years. The lavishness of these gifts seems to have begotten and brought forth the inertness of which "Reader" complains. The farmer has taken his crop for thirty years more or less, from the most productive of soils, and has given it nothing in return. The city merchant has supplied the country storekeeper and given him long credit and taken big profits. The broker has received deposits at small, or no interest, and loaned them out at high rates. And even the storekeeper has endeavored to make the public believe that imported are better than home made products, because he can sometimes obtain a fraction more of profit from the imported article. The advent of transcontinental railroads on our shores has changed the condition of things. Under the old regime quite a number of our people have grown rich. It might be supposed that they would hail with delight the advancement and development of the state. It is not so. The rich merchant has all the trade he wants. The rich banker wants to keep up his rate of interest. The rich grazier wants to exclude all settlers from the lands he does not own, but upon which his cattle and sheep run at large. Allow me to inform "Reader" that there is a very beautiful cemetery on the macadam road, and that after a first-class business has been done there it is possible that there may arise a generation who will take greater pride and interest in the development of Oregon than in "finding the next fool," and "every man for himself." There may be an awakening to the fact that wealth owes something to the country that gave it God speed the waking. CYNIC.

REAL ESTATE MARKET.

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished THE OREGONIAN by J. Fred Clark, real estate and stock broker.

The recorded transactions of the past week as regards number are light, though in amount far above the average of many past weeks. It is probable the market will continue quiet for a short time—until everybody and his wife return from the pleasure resorts, where they are now disporting themselves. Meantime the opportunities offer and the wise will avail themselves of them. Properties commanding 12 to 14 per cent. per annum in rentals will not be so common two months hence as they are now. The following is an exhibit of the transactions of the week.

	Deeds	Amount
Country	7	$4 561 00
South	1	17 000 00
East Portland	2	1 501 00
Albina	1	300 00
	11	$45 162 00

The mortgages recorded numbered 8, amounting to $5715; the releases 24, amounting to $35,958, from which the deduction is obvious, viz. that the present dealings are healthy.

The best buy of the week was that of Walter O'Shea of a lot and one-story brick on the corner of First and B streets for $19,000.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

PORTLAND, Aug. 15—60 P. M.

Place of Observation	Bar.	Rise or Fall	Last 7 hrs. Ther.	Wind Direc.	Wind Vel.	State of Weather.
Portland	29.90	—09	78	NW	00	Smoky
Olympia	29.95	—09	68	Calm	00	Smoky
Roseburg	29.88	—11	82	Calm	00	Smoky
Red Bluff	29.72	—08	100	S	00	Fair
Sacramento	29.70	—01	89	SE	00	Cloudy
Mendocino	29.87	—01	54	N	00	Foggy
Fort Canby	29.92	—08	62	NE	00	Smoky
Tacoma	29.95	—07	78	SW	00	Clear
Spokane	29.97	—07	8	W	00	Smoky

Minimum thermometer, 55. maximum 90.

AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

THE WALLACK COMPANY.

On Monday evening next our amusement-going public will have an opportunity of witnessing the first appearance in this city of the famous Wallack Theater company who begin a six nights' engagement at the Grand Opera house. The company comes under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman, formerly manager of all the Madison Square theater attractions. The company will produce a grand repertoire of plays during their brief stay in this city, presenting only such dramas as have attained the greatest successes at Wallack's theater, New York, embracing Henry Guy Carleton's powerful drama, "Victor Durand;" Robert Buchanan's beautiful play, "Lucy Clare;" Sardou's masterpiece, "Diplomacy;" the London and New York success, adapted from Ouida's famous novel,

A LESSON TO LOVERS.

She with a milk pail on her arm,
Turns aside with her young cheeks glowing,
And sees down the lane the slow, dull tread
Of the drove of cows that are homeward going.
"Bessie," he said. At the sound she turned,
Her blue eyes full of childish wonder.
"My mother is feeble and lame and old—
I need a wife at my farmhouse yonder.

"My heart is lonely, my home is drear,
I need your presence ever near me:
Will you be my guardian angel, dear,
Queen of my household, to guide and cheer me?"

"It hath a pleasant sound," she said;
"A household queen, a guiding spirit,
To warm your heart and cheer your home
And keep the sunshine ever near it.
But I am only a simple child,
So my mother says in her daily chiding,
And what must a guardian angel do
When she first begins her work of guiding?"

"Well, first, dear Bessie, a smiling face
Is dearer far than the rarest beauty,
And my mother, fretful, lame and old,
Will require a daughter's loving duty;
You will see to her flannels, drops and tea,
And talk with her of lungs and liver,
Give her your cheerful service, dear,
The Lord he loveth a cheerful giver.'

"You will see that my breakfast is piping hot,
And rub the clothes to a snowy whiteness;
Make golden butter and snowy rolls,
And polish things to a shining brightness;
Will darn my stockings and mend my coats,
And see that the buttons are sowed on tightly;
You will keep things cheerful and neat and sweet,
That home's altar fires may still burn brightly.

"You will read me at evening the daily news,
The tedious whites nights beguiling,
And never forget that the sweetest face
Is a cheerful face that is always smiling;
In short, you'll arrange in a general way
For a sort of sublunary heaven,
For home, dear Bessie, say what we may,
Is the highest sphere to a woman given."

The lark sang out to the bending sky,
The bobolink piped in the nodding rushes,
And out of the tossing clover blooms
Came the sweet, clear song of the meadow thrushes;
And Bessie, listening, paused awhile
Then said, with a sly glance at her neighbor:—
"But, John—do you mean—that is to say,
What shall I get for all this labor?

"To be nurse, companion and servant girl;
To make home's altar fires burn brightly;
To wash and iron and scrub and cook,
And always be cheerful, neat and sprightly;
To give up liberty, home and friends,
Nay, even the name of a mother's loving—
To do all this for one's board and clothes—
Why, the life of an angel isn't worth living!"

And Bessie gayly went her way
Down through the fields of scented clover,
But never again since the summer day
Has she won a glance from her trusty lover.
The lark sings out to the bending sky,
The clouds sail on as white as ever,
The clovers toss in the summer wind,
But Bessie has lost that chance forever.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

BY OCTAVE THANET, AUTHOR OF THE "BISHOP'S VAGABOND," ETC.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

The streets of the old Georgian city are wide and shady. In early April one breathes the fragrance of roses and carnations, and the exquisite flush of the azaleas gives the eye a poignant delight, while everywhere the wistaria vines are bursting into their royal bloom over the stuccoed house fronts. Back of the river, in the pine woods, beyond the red clay hills, the glory of the yellow jasmine is fading. The rose leaves lie thick along the paths of the cemetery. It is on a side street, and a lazy stream of black and white faces and ancient vehicles drift past it daily. Ten years ago my cousin, Grace Adams, and I know the cemetery well. Coming up from Florida we spent a month in the town.

Our Georgian cemetery has not the sumptuous foliage of the far south, nor does the southern moss drape its oaks into ghostly sentinels as those, beautiful and somber, guarding the graves of Charleston and Savannah; yet it has its own placid and modest charm, with its wide paths edged with japonicas and dwarf magnolias and the luxuriance of roses which softens the outlines of its rudest tombstones. It is an old cemetery, and its streets hold a queer blending of the present and the mildewed pomp of the past. Often generations of the same blood lie together under the rose trees.

There was one of these colonies of the dead which interested us particularly. The family cenotaph stood in the center of the yard. Two corpulent angels in impossible drapery, wept over the family name—Asbury. All about were grouped the graves of the Asburys. We came to know them by heart; the Gordons, Raphaels and Washingtons, colonels, generals or judges—palpably mighty men in their day, down to the confederate colonel and his two sons—the Bethels, Honorias and Sallies, their wives; and the "infant children of the above," who died too soon to hinder the world's march or, happy innocents, to know its griefs. Last of all, was a new name above a short and narrow mound: "Raoul Moultrie Ravenel, beloved son of Raoul and Aurora Honoria Asbury Ravenel." The little fellow was only 5 years old when he was "accidently drowned" in 1864. We observed that this grave was never without flowers, so lovely that we would often pause to look at them. The first time that we thus paused is likely to abide in our memory. It was rather more than a week after our coming to town. While we were reading the names our attention was attracted by a lady who came down the path and stopped before the iron railing about the yard. She had a slim and graceful figure, clad in deep mourning, and ungloved, white hands. We noticed her hands first, then she was walking rapidly, a circumstance to excite curiosity in the south. Apparently quite careless or ignorant of our presence, she threw back her long crape veil. We saw an oval face, pale and careworn, but retaining the traces of a vivid beauty. The black hair was brushed smoothly from her forehead, and the eyes which seemed to search the foliage for some one, either in fear or in anxious hope, were very dark and very sad. For a moment she leaned against the iron gate posts, her hand on her heart, with the look and gesture of one unused to exertion who has walked too rapidly, then straightening herself she walked through the gate to the grave with the new name. She knelt down before it and drew her veil over her pale face, but under its shadow we could see her clasp and wring her hands.

"Come, Freddy," my cousin whispered, "let us go!"

Before we could turn a man broke through the shrubbery to the right and strode past us. He was a man whom we knew, boarding in the same house. The northern visitor sees men of his type in every southern city, thin, elderly men, erect of bearing, though they may limp a little, with their threadbare frock coats buttoned snugly about them and their gray locks curling under their old-fashioned hat brims. Our acquaintance limped and his decent black coat was shiny at the seams from countless brushings. His face must have been handsome before care and time had chipped so many lines in it. Now it looked grim enough with the hollow cheeks and big mustache and brows knitted together over his Roman nose. He was in such haste that he did not see us, but went by with great strides.

The woman heard the twigs crackle under his feet and sprang up. Even at our distance we perceived that she was trembling exceedingly. She laid her hand on his arm.

"You promised—" the man began.

"Forgive me, Raoul," she answered, "I couldn't bear it in the house any longer and I only came here—straight here!"

Her voice was shaken, like all the rest of her, by some strong emotion, but it was wonderfully sweet.

The man gave a swift glance about him. Of course he saw us. He took off his hat and bowed gravely, then drawing the woman's arm within his own he caused her to turn away. Feeling a tacit rebuke in the action (though, truly, I think that none was intended) we, too, turned and hurried out of the cemetery.

There is a curve in the road where I could not resist stealing another picture of the pair. The woman was again kneeling, almost crouching over the grave, weeping bitterly, while the man stood, a little apart, his arms folded, gloomily regarding her.

Grace and I said not word until we were beyond the cemetery wall. She spoke first. "Freddy, that was Dr. Ravenel, and can the lady be his wife?"

"I daresay," said I, "he could hardly be so partial to any other woman."

"I don't understand it," said Grace. "Certainly Dr. Ravenel isn't a brutal man."

Grace liked the doctor; for that matter I liked him myself. He was as polite as Don Quixote and almost as solemn. To women his manner was a happy blending of deference and protection; indeed, what won us most was his gentleness to all feebler creatures. He had a little daughter whom he visibly adored, a dainty little maid of 10, whose cloud of shining hair was continually flinging itself over his shabby black shoulder. Grace had a fancy that it seemed to illumine a gloom which hung about the man, making him seem old—than he was, he being really only 45, though he might have passed for 60. Notwithstanding the gloom he was not unsocial, in a sedate way he seemed to enjoy conversation and was accustomed to embroider his own discourse with flowers of poetry, English and Latin, which latter he always kindly translated "for the ladies." Judging from his cost his practice could not be very large, but he was highly praised as a physician, and he saved Grace cleverly from an attack of pneumonia. The pneumonia was our introduction. By a week's end we were so familiar that he was addressing Grace as "Miss Grace," and me as "Fredrica" (my name is Winnifred,) and using quite a fatherly benignity to us both. And now to have to make over this amiable being into a domestic tyrant—it was most distasteful. We both felt out of spirits when we reached our boarding house. Ten years ago Miss Sally Asbury's house stood on the main street, in a prime and spacious garden, which looked like nothing so much as the fowery demonstration of a geometrical problem, with its broad paths of shining white sand defining the triangles and squares and circles of geraniums, gilly-flowers and pansies. The house itself was a fine old stuccoed mansion with a Grecian portico. Inside the rooms were big enough for a ball, and each room had a royal fireplace, where the "lightwood" of the region made a mighty crackle and blaze. Age had softened gaudy carpets and wall paper to a harmonious dinginess. It was an altogether delightful house, and Miss Sally—so everyone called her in the kindly southern fashion—was a delightful lady. She was a gentlewoman of about 46—what matter on which side of the line? Her soft, thick hair was gray, but her fresh complexion, bright eyes and fine carriage made people turn to look at her in the street. Miss Sally wore black, but there was nothing pensive about our friend. She loved a joke and told a good story and frankly enjoyed pretty clothes and compliments. Best of all to us, Miss Sally was a famous housekeeper of the old southern school. Slander compels me to state that the frying pan played a leading part in the Asbury kitchen, and we, certainly, had more hot bread than was really good for our health; but the dishes were delightful to the palate whatever they may have done to our digestions. Miss Sally's mother lived with her, a pretty, faded little woman always wrapped in a shawl and shivering, not having some dregs of cheerfulness left. There were ten boarders, besides. Of these all were northerners save the Ravenels. Possibly that was why the Ravenels interested us; though I think it was more because, for some reason, Mrs. Ravenel always kept her room. The Ravenel rooms were at the end of our hall. Dr. Ravenel, the child and Tempe, Mrs. Ravenel's maid, came and went. Each morning after breakfast, Miss Sally might be seen going in with a noseg ay in one hand and a silk dusting cloth in the other. Half an hour later she would reappear, retaining the duster but having left the nosegay. The Ravenel doors never stood ajar; and beyond the smothered murmur of voices, or an occasional whiff of camphor, we had no hint of existence behind them. I say never, never until this very day. Passing through the hall I saw a door open. It was the door through which Sally used to enter. I had what the photographers call a three-quarter view of an old southern bedroom. An involuntary journey of the eye brought me back the limp sweep of worn lace curtains, the cool gleam of the mahogany bed-post and the twisted legs of a writing desk, the faded roses on the chintz-covered chairs, the dimmed richness of the velvet carpet.

"It must have been my lady's chamber," said I to Grace, "but where was she?"

In point of fact she was then on the way to the cemetery, which we, being faster walkers, reached first. I have related how we saw her.

We took a long walk before we returned. When we entered the garden Dr. Ravenel and his wife were standing with Miss Sally before the azalea bushes.

Miss Sally introduced Mrs. Ravenel to us, saying: "Cousin Ro is so much better; she's been taking a walk; I expect now we've got her back we'll keep her with us."

Mrs. Ravenel gave me a quick look, which I fancied held something like an appeal in its recognition. "I saw you in the cemetery Miss Lawrence," said she, "and your friend. I went there; doctor was scared. I haven't been able to leave my room till today, and he was afraid I'd overdo—but, but I couldn't stay away any longer. It's my little boy's grave, you understand." The eyes which she lifted to mine were swimming in tears.

I felt very sorry for her, but it was decidedly awkward. It was a relief to perceive the doctor limping over to us.

"My dear," he said, "don't you think you had better retire? You look fatigued. You see, Miss Fredrica, I keep watch on Mistress Ravenel in a double capacity, both as husband and physician."

"Very well, doctor," said Mrs. Ravenel, meekly. "You know best."

She made me a little old-fashioned salute before she walked away on her husband's arm.

"How pretty she is!" I said to Miss Sally who was looking after them, admiringly.

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her head away and lay right still. I
orried, she was so still, and spoke to
d she turned 'round and smiled, and
o me, 'You and Raoul have been like
to me, and I've done nothing but
shame and sorrow to you, but I'm an
make one last effort and I feel, some
s if it would succeed.' She spoke s
ly and sadly, and, God forgive me, I
little faith in her words, that I
't speak, my heart felt so heavy, so
issed her—oh, I didn't think that I
never could speak to her again!'
Sally broke down, but she struggled
h the story through her sobs. There
tle left to tell. Opium produces a
atural enough to deceive even a phy-
. Mrs. Ravenel had died with her
nd's arm about her, holding his hand
lips. He slept and when he awak-
he was dead. During the afternoon
asked for paper and pencil under
retense of drawing pictures for Sally.
scrap of this she had written a few
. Afterwards Miss Sally showed them
and I copied them:

od-bye, my darling husband and Sally.
e the only kindness I can do you. I
mind to do it long ago when I knew it
o use to try. It is no use. To-day I
not spare my child. I nearly was a mur-
again. Oh, my dear husband, I have
ed so much and it is no use. Don't be
ild know. Sally has been so patient
, Sally, be kind to Raoul. Oh, my dear
husband, I have loved you dearly, dearly.
"RO."

ace and I did what was in our power to
Miss Sally through the days that fol-
d, and when we left the city the last
we saw in the station was a little
p of two, Miss Sally's face thinner and
in the shadow of her crape veil, but
moving a parting smile for us, and its
or, waving his hat with the weed on it
commending us for the tenth time to
particular courtesies of the conductor.
e did not imagine that this would be
ast sight of them, but so it has been.
never have seen Miss Sally again.
we saw—only saw—the doctor. Last
it chanced that we were passing
gh the town and found an hour at our
sal between trains. Taking one of the
iar shabby hacks at the station, we
driven to Miss Sally's house. Alas! it
Miss Sally's house no longer, but meta-
hosed into a smart new hotel. We
ot the heart to enter, after inquiring
r for Miss Sally of a stray porter and
d sweeping the steps of the opposite
on. Failing there we took our way to
emetery; the graves at least would be
nged. We went directly to the As-
lot. Yes, there all was as we had
n it, the white marble angels weeping
monument, the graves of the generals
olonels and judges, the little mounds
the children, and the flowers heaped
old profusion over one small grave.
was a single new stone. I took the
rs which I had brought and laid them
foot, besides the roses and violets
y there. Grace read the inscription

n memory of Aurora Honoria Ashbury
nel, beloved wife of Raoul Moultrie
nel." Below were the dates of birth
death—nothing else. She had only
thirty-four years. "Poor, weak,
y, passionate woman," said Grace.
forgive her!"
en we walked back, down the wide
between the dwarf magnolias. Half-
on the spot where I had looked to see
Ravenel kneeling by her child's grave,
th stopped and looked again. It was
that we saw Dr. Ravenel. He was sp-
hing the graves from the other side
his arms were filled with roses. As
fallen, his coat was black, but it was no
r threadbare. He put his burden of
s down close to mine and stood, in
remembered attitude, with his uncov-
head on his breast. "Let us go and
k to him," whispered Grace. "I do
he has married Miss Sally."
this day Grace cannot understand why
uld not comply with her request and
o afraid of losing the train. I shall
tell her; she would laugh at my sen-
tal jealousy on behalf of a dead wo-
n. I scarcely knew, and who was far
stainless character; but I own here
t was because I wanted to keep my ro-
intact. I dreaded lest I should hear
he doctor had married Miss Sally.—
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ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

BY MONTE CRISTO.

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

(Concluded from The Sunday Oregonian of August 5.)

CHAPTER II.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more." —*Lovelace.*

After a month of desultory wanderings I found myself at length resting in the shadow of Mt. Blanc. But somehow the rest with which I had enjoyed my travels in the early part of the season had now deserted me, and I was beginning to think seriously of taking a run through France, crossing the channel, skimming over old England, tarrying a few days among the banks and braes of bonny Scotland, and then embarking for home, leaving the rest of the old world to be "done" at some future time, when the mood for wandering should be upon me.

But "man proposes," etc.

On the second evening of my stay at the somewhat pretentious little hotel on the slopes of Mt. Blanc I came down stairs, and in the shadows of dusk ran against the dumpy little French servant, hereby causing her to drop a tray, upon which there followed a great crash of china and glassware.

"OH MON DIEU! MON DIEU!"

She cried, and proceeded to bemoan the wreck of crockery, and the fact that now "the poor, sick American lady must wait for a fresh cup of tea to be drawn."

"What?" I exclaimed, "you have other Americans here then?"

"Only one," she informed me, "a poor lady with a broken leg, whose husband has gone on to Lyons, and left her here alone."

My countenance fell. I had thought it would be pleasant to see the face of a country-woman, but a lone woman with a broken leg, was of course, unapproachable, and I turned away, and went out for a smoke in the twilight. Not many minutes had elapsed, however, when the same little servant came to me with a card: "From the American lady, monsieur."

I took the card in wonder; wonder that changed to a tumultuous thrill when I had examined it. On one side was the name,—"Floyd Estmere." On the other was written, "I have just heard your voice in the hall. I cannot be under the same roof with you and not see you."

"Monsieur will come?" asked the girl, and I followed her through the hall and into a small, cosy parlor, where by an open window, reclining in a fauteuil, I found Floyd Estmere. She looked pale and worn, and one foot rested on a cushion, but a sudden light came into her eyes, and she rose impulsively and held out her hand.

"Did you know I was here, when you came?" Those were her first words, spoken very earnestly. "No, I did not dream of your presence."

"Then it is *fate* that brings you to me always in my hour of need. Do you believe there is such a thing as fate?"

"I scarcely know," I answered, "but am willing to believe in anything that leads me to you when you need me."

She was silent, but her luminous eyes thanked me as no words could.

"Now tell me," I continued, "are you really here alone? And what injury is it from which you have been suffering? The servant said something about a broken limb. Surely it is nothing so bad as that?"

"Oh, no," she answered; "sit down and I will tell you all."

She then told me how they had come there a week previous. On the first evening of their arrival she had gone for a solitary ramble, Estmere refusing to accompany her, and in descending the plateau above, she had slipped, fallen, and sprained her ankle very seriously. A mountain shepherd had assisted her to the hotel, and Estmere had been so angry and impatient at the mishap and consequent detent on, that he had gone on to Lyons, and left her there alone to recover as best she could. Her voice trembled as she told me this, and I set my teeth together to keep from cursing in her presence the man who could so neglect and wound her.

"Now," she continued, "I wish very much to start for Lyons to-morrow morning. I am not yet fully recovered, but with your assistance can manage the journey. Can you accompany me without disarranging your own plans?"

I assured her I had no definite plans, and that to accompany her would give me pleasure; but I suggested that it might be to her advantage to remain a day or two longer at the hotel, giving herself more time for recovery.

"I have a reason for wishing to go at once," she answered, and that settled it. Thirty-six hours later we were in Lyons.

"Drive to a hotel," she said. Arrived there she said to me: "Now I must ask one more favor of you—find Richard for me. You can give him my instructions, but I think you will find him. When you have done so will you come at once to me and tell me where and how you found him?"

"Certainly," I answered, in some surprise at her peculiar emphasis and manner. I soon found it was no light task I had undertaken, for I had no clue and there are many hotels in Lyons. But at last when it was day was wading I found a registry that bore this inscription: "R. Estmere and wife, United States."

"And wife!" I repeated in perplexity. Then I ascertained the number, and sent up my card. The servant came back with the information that Monsieur and Madame Estmere were then at supper at the *table de hote*. To the *table de hote* I went, and seating myself, ran my eyes over the room. The first pair of eyes I encountered were those of Richard Estmere. A slight, stiff bow was his only recognition. By his side was the woman he had registered as his wife. Very handsome, very stylish very dashing, very bold. "Poor Floyd!" I murmured, and left the table. But outside I waited for them, and when they came out, I touched his arm and said: "Mr. Richard Estmere, your wife awaits you at the St. Lucas."

Then I went back to Floyd, slowly, and sorely perplexed. I ought to tell her all, yet I could not. How could I add this last and heaviest weight to the load she already bore? She met me on the threshold of her parlor.

"Have you been unable to find him?" she asked.

"I have found him," I replied, as cheerfully as I could.

"Where?"

"At the —— hotel."

"Why did he not come with you?"

"He was just at dinner."

I could not meet her clear, searching eyes. She looked at me an instant, then taking my hand, she drew me into the room, closed the door, and still holding my hand, said earnestly: "I think you are a true, honest friend to me."

My fingers closed tightly over hers.

"I will." For a moment she was silent, then suddenly she said,—

"There is a woman with my husband, is there not?"

I started in astonishment. How had she divined this? Her lovely eyes, full of a nameless pain, were looking into mine; I could not meet those eyes and utter a lie. Mechanically I answered, "Yes."

"A handsome, fine-looking woman with blonde hair, and violet eyes?" she questioned.

"Yes."

"I thought so. He met her first at Turin. I knew he had followed her here, that is why I told you I must come to-day. Dear friend there are many things that can be borne, but sometimes the last straw is added to the load."

A knock at the door. She dropped my hand and stepped into the curtained recess of a window; but it was only a servant to enquire if she wished for lights. "No, not yet," I said, and the servant retired.

Presently I parted the curtains and joined her; she was leaning against the window, seeming to look upon the busy, noisy, gaslit streets of Lyons; but there was a stricken look in her eyes, and I knew that she saw nothing, that she was conscious of nothing but her great trouble.

"For God's sake don't ask so," I said impulsively. "Let me go and try to bring him back to you; let me do something to show you how my heart aches for you."

She lifted her hand quickly and brushed away the tears.

"What! Do you think I would take him back? Do you think I will ever see him again if I can avoid him? No; my grief is for myself, my poor, lonely self, with no friend in all the world to whom I can turn."

She spoke with proud sorrowful conviction, and her words set a wild hope fluttering in my heart.

"Do you mean it. Are you sure that you do not care for him?" There must have been a world of eager intensity in my tone.

"You know that man," she answered; "you know something of what I have suffered at his hands. Do you think me so devoid of pride and self-respect that I can *still* be weak enough to care for him?"

Oh, did she dream what those words were to me?

"Then why, oh why do you speak of being alone and friendless? If you care for him no more, Floyd, darling, what stands between you and me?"

Even as I spoke my arms encircled her trembling form; and for the first time in my life, I held to my breast the only woman I had ever loved. For a few short, never forgotten moments her tender arms were about my neck, her thrilling lips gave back my kisses; then with a sudden movement she freed herself, glided swiftly away, and I was alone. I waited long there in the moonlight, but she did not return, and at length, smiling to myself at what I deemed her shyness, I went to another hotel and retired, happier than in my wildest dreams I had ever hoped to be.

When I awoke, the hum of a wakeful, busy city was about me, and a golden September sun was shining in at my window, flooding all the room with a softened glow of light. But through and over it all there shone upon my heart and consciousness a light sweeter and more brighter than could emanate from a thousand suns—the light of a new, unlooked for happiness—the light that "never was on sea or land."

Dreaming of the welcome awaiting me, I arose, dressed and went to the St. Lucas, and mounting the stairs, entered the little parlor unannounced. She was not there, but in her stead I encountered the cold, sneering gaze of Richard Estmere.

"You have made effective use of the knowledge gained by spying. You have not allowed the grass to grow under your feet," he hissed, while his eyes gleamed with the ire of a bitter hatred.

"What do you mean?" I sternly demanded.

"I mean that you have poisoned my wife's mind against me; that you have spirited her away to some secret hiding place, to serve your own base motives; that is what I mean."

"Spirited her away? Is she no here?" I felt myself growing white and cold with a nameless fear, and my look and tone must have carried conviction with them, for his demeanor suddenly changed.

"Mrs. Estmere has departed. The clerk tells me she left at day-break, all alone. But if you do not know her whereabouts, Mr. Lindenholme, I will not detain you any longer; you can go."

The insulting, supercilious tone was more than I could bear at that moment; for the third time in my life I laid Richard Estmere prone upon the ground at my feet, and walking over his prostrate form I entered the little sleeping apartment and looked around. Everything gave evidence of hasty preparation and departure, and I was turning away, sick at heart, when a tiny, white envelope stuck in the frame of the mirror, caught my eye. It was addressed to myself. With shaking hands I opened it and read—

"Forgive that one moment of unwomanly weakness. I am going away now, to see you no more. Do not seek me, for while he lives I can be nothing to you or any man."

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

That was all—just a few strokes of her pen; but it murdered my hopes as effectually as a bullet in my brain could have done.

CHAPTER IV.

"This is truth, the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happiness things."
—*Tennyson.*

"Thomas Lindenholm, in the name of the law of France, I arrest you for the murder of Floyd Estmere!"

Was I awake or dreaming? Was I sane or mad? I sprang to my feet and confronted the officer.

"For the murder of Floyd Estmere?" I cried, "is Floyd Estmere dead?"

The officer simply bowed, laid a hand on my arm, and said,—

"Come with me."

Three long months had passed since the day that Floyd had fled from me and from the man who had blighted her young life. Had I sought her? She had bade me not to seek her and an involuntary homage for a pure and lofty womanhood, had constrained me to obey that behest. I had instituted no systematic search, but, like a spirit of unrest, I had haunted the streets and byways of Lyons. Avenues and alleys, palaces, and hovels, reflected, alike the shadow of my sombre presence; echoed alike the sound of my never-ceasing footsteps. Give her up? Resign her to oblivion? No, never. Easier far to resign the breath of existence; to sever the mystic link whose frail tenure connects the material with the intangible. I knew that never, so long as Floyd Estmere lived, could I cease to watch and wait for her.

But now!

I had silently followed the officer, and now I stood beside the dripping, lifeless body of a woman, and some voice in the awe-struck crowd cried out to me,—"Behold your victim!"

Could this be my Floyd? This bloated, mangled, decaying corpse? My very soul revolted at the suggestion. The long, shining, black hair alone reminded me of her. But the eyes that had held for me so much of slumbering magnetism—the lips that for one brief moment had thrilled me with their touch—the tender, rounded arms whose clasp still lingered in fancy about my neck—where were they? I looked for them in vain in the piteous thing that lay before me. Turning to the officer, I said simply:

"This is not, never was, Floyd Estmere."

Even as I spoke, a sneering, low, well remembered face peered over my shoulder, and Richard Estmere, bending over the corpse, touched a diamond necklace clasped tightly about the swollen, discolored throat, and with a malignant triumph in look and tone, cried out:

"After doing your work so well, 'tis a pity indeed for such a bauble as this to convict you!"

I started, and felt the blood surging to my heart. An excited murmur ran through the watching crowd. That necklace! I bent down and scrutinized it. Yes, it was the one I remembered it as one always worn by Floyd Estmere; the very jewel, indeed, of which her husband had tried to rob her that night amid the ruin of Adriah's villa, among the Appenines, and which I afterward learned had been the last gift of her dead mother, whose white-haired portrait the little gem-studded locket encased. I touched the spring; it flew open; the face that my lost darling had loved was before me—the face of Floyd's murdered wife.

In a fit of shuddering, trembling horror, I turned away, felt a strong grasp on my arm, heard the murmur of the crowd growing ever louder and louder, and then—merciful oblivion.

I have no distinct recollection of how long I lay in prison awaiting trial, but have the impression that it was many weeks. At last, however, the day came; I sat in the prisoners' dock and listened to the evidence which seemed to prove me the murderer of the woman I had loved better than all the world. The two most effective witnesses against me were Richard Estmere and an elderly, coarse-looking, low-bred woman, a stranger to me. Estmere's evidence, given with a vindictive emphasis, was well calculated to pass me before the world in the light of a black-hearted fiend.

He stated that from the moment he, with his wife, had set foot upon European soil, I had dogged his steps like a shadow, ever seeking, by the most subtle and insidious advances, and cunningly contrived falsehoods, to alienate his wife's affection, and ingratiate myself in her favor. Told how I had sought her out, during a few days that he had been compelled to leave her at a little hotel by Mt. Blanc; how I had induced her to go to Lyons with me; how there, I had concocted lies to convince her of his unworthiness, and how finally I had induced her to fly with me to some hiding-place in the slums of Lyons, thereby wrecking his home, honor, and happiness forever; and furthermore, when he had accused and reproached me, I had responded by knocking him senseless in a parlor of the St. Lucas hotel.

It was a well-told tale, and was not without effect upon the jury.

Then came the testimony of the second witness. She kept a lodging house, she said, in a certain locality in Lyons. One night in the previous September—the seventh, she believed—a man and woman had come to her house at night, very late, about 1 o'clock A. M., and taken a room, representing themselves as husband and wife. Then followed a description of the woman, very minutely given, and I, even I, began to wonder if it could have been Floyd and with another man. No! No! I rejected the thought as a foul injustice to the dead girl.

When asked to give a description of the man, she turned slowly and fixed her eyes on me. There stands the man. What need to describe him?"

I drew a breath of relief. "Ah well," I thought, "if there be a man in the world who is my counterpart, why may there not have been a woman resembling Floyd?"

But then, the necklace and locket! I was sorely perplexed, but listened in silence to the remainder of the testimony.

They had occupied a room in her house for something over two months, when, one stormy night, when the wind was blowing keenly and snow drifting through the streets, she saw them go out together, at a very late hour. She had thought it strange at the time, but they were a strange pair, at best, and she thought but little of it, until she discovered, when morning dawned, that they had not yet returned. And when an hour after day-break the man returned alone, packed the trunks, paid the rent, and departed without a word of explanation, she had been much exercised over it; but even then never dreamed of any foul play.

It was not until she went to the morgue to view the body of the drowned girl, and recognized her former lodger, that she suspected murder. Then the thought came to her, she had been greatly excited, and had cried out that a murder had been done, and that she would know the murderer again, if ever he stood before her. Then Richard Estmere had stepped up to her, and questioned her, and identified by her description the destroyer of his peace and murderer of his wife.

The testimony was strong against me, and the woman's positive identification of me was strongest of all, but I had an able defense. Other witnesses were called from the self-same lodging house, who were not at all positive that I was the man in question. One young girl in particular swore positively that I was not the man who had been an inmate of the lodging house, and proceeded to mention some points of difference. A mole over the left eyebrow, a broken tooth, a tattoo on the wrist; all these had my counterpart possessed, while I could boast of none of them.

So, in the end, the rare combination of a sharp defense, a just judge, and a sensible jury, decided the case in my favor, and I went forth a free man.

A free man! And what to me were freedom and life, with Floyd sleeping the sleep that knows no waking? For, remembering that chain and locket, I dared not cherish a hope that she was living. And yet!—Oh, the torture of doubt and longing!

CHAPTER V.

"Esterby, for God's sake tell me who is the author of this manuscript?"

"Why, Tom, you're growing tragic. What ails you?"

I was in the composing room of a San Francisco paper, and a written sheet, on the hook by one of the cases, had caught my eye. There was something strangely familiar about the writing. I snatched it from the hook, drew a chair, and I, me-worn little note from my vest pocket and laying the two sheets side by side, looked at them long and earnestly. Oh, the strange, wild thrill, half of hope, half of dread, that ran through me! Oh, the memories, bitter and sweet, thrilling and painful, that swept over me!

Hiding away my treasured note, I had turned to Esterby, with the MS. in my hand and demanded the name of the writer. He had answered me lightly, but upon meeting my eyes, had realized that there was something behind my question that would not bear light handling.

"Come into my sanctum, Tom, and we'll talk it over."

I followed him, and when seated, he said: "That page was written by a regular contributor of ours, whose nom de plume is ——. But whose real name is Laura Crosby. Do you know her?"

"Laura Crosby," I repeated, reflectively. "No, the name is unknown to me; but the writing has struck me, it is strangely familiar."

"Miss Crosby has been writing for us for about a year past," he continued. "Her articles are always good, and seem to have taken a hold upon the popular fancy. We regard her as one of our most valued contributors."

"Esterby, can you introduce me to her? There are reasons why I wish very much to see the woman who wrote those lines."

"Introduce you! Why, I have never met the lady myself. She lives in Oakland, and all our communications have been by letter, but I can give you her address and a letter of introduction. Would that suffice?"

I assured him that would suffice, received the document with thanks and immediately set out to call upon Laura Crosby.

Being a stranger in Oakland, it was some time before I found the specified number. When I did it proved to be an almost palatial mansion, with spacious grounds and luxuriant shrubbery. Something in the aspect of the place chilled me with forebodings. Floyd could have no such home as this. Her fortune had been squandered. I could find her in no such home as this magnificent mansion evidently was. No; I should find here some woman resembling my Floyd in nothing but the wielding of a pen. Hope, if I had cherished a hope, died out of my heart once more, yet I would not now retreat. Slowly I mounted the marble steps and rang the bell; a stately footman met me.

"Is Miss Crosby in?" I asked, as quietly as I could.

No, Miss Crosby was out driving with the children, would I enter and wait for her?

I foolishly accepted the invitation and was ushered into the drawing-room.

"What name shall I give to Miss Crosby, when she returns?" inquired the highly trained footman.

"Say to Miss Crosby that an old friend is waiting to see her," I replied, and then trembled at my audacity in case I should encounter an entire stranger. I set about concocting excuses, apologies and explanations in advance.

I had waited about half an hour when I heard the roll of wheels, followed soon by footsteps and voices in the hall, and then the nearer rustle of a dress.

Oh the agony of suspense crowded into that one short moment that elapsed before the door opened, and a lady stood before me. A lady whom I had never seen before, with silver hair, and kindly, genial face. I had not realized, until that moment, how much hope I had built upon the slender foundation of a few pen strokes. Suddenly it all faded away, and I sat there helplessly staring at a lady to whom I owed an immediate apology. She seemed to have some conception of my dilemma, for, smiling pleasantly, she said:

"You expected to find in me an old friend and are disappointed. I am sorry. May I know whom I am addressing?"

Bless the woman! Her kindly, easy manner put me at my ease at once. Giving her my card, I began an explanation, and ere I realized it, had drifted into a good many details that never before had passed my lips.

She listened very attentively to the end, then she spoke:

"I am Miss Crosby, but honesty compels me to state that I cannot lay claim to the authorship of the articles to which you refer. The truth is, I have a friend who writes, but who has grave reasons for not revealing to the public her real name, so I have generously loaned her mine. Hence, it is not my writing you have seen, and there is yet a chance that you may find your long-lost friend."

As she spoke she rang a bell. "Send Miss Lotan to me," she said to the servant.

Lotan! My heart bounded. Lotan had been Floyd's maiden name.

Even as the thought came to me the door opened once more and there she stood—my long-lost, beautiful, queenly Floyd!

Oh, the long, earnest conversation that followed. At its close I said:

"But Floyd, your chain and locket! How came it on the dead girl's throat?"

"Alas! I cannot tell," she answered sadly. "The chain and locket disappeared on the day he left me at the little hotel at Mt. Blanc, and I have never seen it since."

Let lently the topic was painful to her, and I pursued it no further, feeling that Richard Estmere alone could give a correct solution of the mystery.

Just a week has passed since I found Floyd. I am sitting in my room at the Palace hotel, lost in a pleasant reverie, when suddenly the door bursts open, and in comes my old friend, Charlie Bland.

"Ah, Tom, just listen to this!" he exclaims, with characteristic impetuosity, brandishing, as usual, an open newspaper, and though I ask him to be seated, he ignores the invitation, and begins reading aloud:

"LADEN, Cal., June 5. A fatal affray occurred here last night between two gamblers, in which Richard Estmere was shot and instantly killed."

"Now, what do you think of that?" concluded Charlie.

I do not answer; but you, dear reader, can divine my thought.

[THE END.]

LOVE AND DEATH.

Life may hold sweetness yet: I would not die;
For He might come with smiles upon his lip;
Then from my heart the weary years would slip,
And I should greet him with a joyous cry.
Forgiving and forgetting all the past,
Just for the sake of love come back at last.
Oh, life may yet be sweet: I would not die.
Child, Fate has not been kind to you and me:
Your baby kisses could not ease my pain;
While in that other face I looked in vain
For signs of what I knew could never be.
Often I drew away from your clinging grasp,
To seek again that cold and careless clasp;
No; life has not been kind to you and me.

And Death is coming. Ah, will death be kind?
Will he, some day, bring me to my truant love?
Or shall I float in ether pure above,
Passionless, sexless, and not hope to find
Him who made life a blessing and a curse?
Will Death bring better, happier times, or worse?
Ah, Death is coming fast; will he be kind?

Love, have you never known one bitter hour?
Never looked back with tender, sweet regret
To that past happy summer when we met,
When first I knew my beauty—fatal dower;—
Had chained your roaming fancy? What a
chain!
Woven in madness from despair and pain,
And idly wrought to kill an idle hour.

Child, listen to me: Love is worse than Death;
For Death takes all, but Love takes fruit and
bloom,
And leaves the worthless husk to rot in gloom;
I: takes the crown from life; the weary breath
First labor on until Death brings relief.
And blots out all the weariness and grief.
Ah, love is cruel; merciful is death.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

Editorial reference is made by a New Orleans paper to the wonderful restoration to health of Mr. T. Posey, druggist, 226 Canal street, that city, who some time ago was prostrated by an excruciating attack of sciatica. After much suffering his wife applied St. Jacobs Oil, which cured him promptly

BABETTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE ZOLA.

[Translated for The Sunday Oregonian by Harriet Hurd Medlicott.]

About 5 o'clock that morning the sunshine entered with joyful abruptness the little room I occupied in the house of my Lazarus, the priest of Dourgues. A large, golden ray fell on my closed eyelids, and I awoke in the light. I went to my window and looked out at the Durance, which rolled its broad flood through the dark verdure of the valley. Fresh breezes caressed my face: the rustling of the river and the trees seemed to call me.

I opened my door softly. I had to pass through my uncle's chamber. I crept along on tiptoes, afraid that the creaking of my heavy shoes might awaken the good man, who still slept with a smiling face. He had followed me everywhere for a few days past, with a grieved and anxious look. He would, perhaps, have hindered me from going down to the river bank to hide under the willows and watch for Babette to pass, the tall girl who had been born to my heart with the spring time. Slowly, then, with little steps, holding my breath, I gained the door. I descended the stairs and began to run wildly in the warm air of the bright May morning.

The sky was white near the horizon, with blue and rosy tints of exquisite delicacy. The pale sun was like a great silver lamp, whose rays showered into the Durance a flood of brightness. And the river, wide and slow, stretching lazily over the red sand extended from one end of the valley to the other, like a stream of molten metal.

How many times during the last year my uncle Lazarus had waited to give my Latin lesson! The good man wanted to make a scholar of me. But I was away to the other side of the Durance. When I came back the Latin was forgotten; my poor uncle scolded me for tearing my trousers, and shuddered sometimes to see that the skin within was also torn.

That morning when I reached the edge of the water I was dazzled to see it so smooth and white. I slid in quickly under the willows, into a dell where a broad sheet of sunshine lay on the rich grass. Then I lay down in my face with attentive ears, watching through the branches the path by which Babette was to come to the river. I stretched myself out at full length on the moss. The sun shed a gentle heat on my back, while my breast, deep in the grass, was quite cool.

Just at that moment, raising my eyes, I saw Babette at the top of the path. I recognized her dress of grey muslin with its little blue flowers. I shrank still more deeply into the grass; I heard my heart beating against the ground, and it almost raised me with slight shocks. I no longer felt the coolness of the dew, for my heart was on fire.

The young girl descended lightly, with a proud and happy grace. She did not know I was there behind the willows.

I saw nothing, then, neither the Durance, nor the willows, nor the whiteness of the sky. Babette to my heart had taken the place of the valley. Babette was the springtime. I had never spoken to her. We both blushed when we met in my uncle's church. I could have sworn that she hated me.

She chatted a few moments that morning with the washerwoman. Her pearly laughter, mingled with the deep voice of the Durance, rose to me. Then she stooped to take a little water in the hollow of her hands; but the bank was steep, and Babette, to save herself from slipping, clung to the grasses.

An indescribable shudder froze my blood. I rose instantly, and without embarrassment or a blush I ran to the young girl's side. She looked at me shyly, and then smiled. I leaned over at the risk of falling, and filled my right hand with water, and brought the fingers together; and I extended this hove cup to Babette, inviting her to drink.

The washerwoman laughed. Babette, in confusion, dared not accept, hesitated, turned her head half away. But at length she decided, and delicately applied her lips to the end of my fingers, but she had waited too long, and the water had all run out. Then with a peal of laughter she became a child once more, and I saw plainly that she was making sport of me.

I was very silly. I bent down a second time. This time I took up the water in my two hands, and made haste to carry them to Babette's lips. She drank, and I felt the warm kiss of her mouth; it passed along my arms to my heart and filled it with warmth!

At the instant, I became aware of a dark shadow at my side, and turning I saw my uncle Lazarus a few steps away, watching Babette and me with displeasure. There was reproach in his eyes that made me long to weep.

Babette was terrified. She grew crimson, and ran away, stammering, "Thank you, Mr. Jean; much thanks!"

Shaking my wet hands, I stood confused and silent before my uncle. The good man, with folded arms, looked after Babette, who ran back up the path without looking behind her. When she had disappeared behind the hedges, he dropped his eyes to me and smiled sadly.

"Jean," said he, "come into the broad alley. Breakfast is not ready."

He began to walk with his hasty step. His breviary was under his arm; but he had forgotten his morning reading, and walked with head bent, lost in thought. His silence oppressed me. Usually he was talkative. My uneasiness grew with every step. He must surely have seen me giving the drink to Babette. What a spectacle! The girl laughing and blushing, kissing the ends of my fingers, while I, holding out my arms, leaned as if to embrace her. I asked myself then how I had dared to have my fingers kissed in so suave a manner.

And my uncle walked on, slightly in advance of me. He had taken me into the broad alley to reprove at his ease. We should have it for an hour at least, and I should not be able to go back to the river and dream over the warm kiss Babette had left on my hands.

At the end of the alley he stopped, and I kept at his side, knowing that the terrible moment had come. With a wide gesture, my uncle pointed out the valley below; then straightening himself, he said:

"Look, Jean; there is the spring. The earth is rejoicing, my boy, and I have brought you here, out in the plain of light, to show you the first smiles of the young season. Warm odors, like breaths of life, rise from the plain and caress our faces."

I had raised my head, and breathed freely. My uncle was not preaching after all.

"It is a morning of youth," he resumed. "Everything is splendor and perfume, is it not? The river is there to give its freshness, the trees to lend their shade, the sky to illumine those horizons, which you question with hope and desire. The spring belongs to boys of your age. It teaches them how to give water to young girls."

I turn my head again. He had seen me, decidedly.

"An old fellow like me," he continued, "knows the true value of the graces of spring. I love the Durance because it waters the plains and gives life to the valley; I love the heaven because its warmth hastens the fecundity of the earth. The earth is a vast workshop where there is no rest. The leaves stir the flowers make haste to ripen the wheat springs upward, and the living water comes to aid the common labor and the young sun lights the everlasting task of the workers."

Here my uncle forced me to look into his face. He finished in these words:

"Jean, you understand your fate; the spring. He is youth, but he prepares for ripe age; his bright smile is but the gaiety of labor. The summer will be mighty, the autumn will be beautiful, for the spring is singing now as he accomplishes his task."

I stood foolishly silent. My uncle was preaching to me in good earnest a sermon which told me that I was an idler, and that the time to work had come. My uncle seemed embarrassed as I.

"Jean," said he, after an instant's hesitation, and stammering slightly, "you ought to have told me all about it. Since you love Babette and Babette loves you—"

"Babette loves me!" I cried.

My uncle made an impatient gesture.

"Let me finish speaking," said he. "I do not need to be twice told. She told me so herself."

"She told you that, she told you that!" and I fell on my uncle's neck.

"Oh!" I cried, "how good it is! I had never spoken to her, truly. She told you so at the confession, did she not? I should never have dared to ask her if she loved me; I should never have known. Oh, how I thank you!"

Uncle Lazarus' face was very red. He felt that he had done an awkward thing. He had supposed that this was not my first meeting with the young girl; and now he had given me a certainty, where I was only daring to dream of a hope. He was silent now, while I talked volubly.

"I understand," I continued. "You are right! I must work to win Babette. Ah! how kind you are, and how beautifully you speak! Understand the spring. I, too, desire to have a mighty summer and a fruitful autumn. I feel the youth within me in haste to accomplish her task."

"It is well, Jean," said he. "I have long hoped that you would become a priest; but what I saw this morning by the water obliges me to renounce finally my dearest dream. You will love God in another manner. You shall become a printer; your education will serve you there. You shall go to Grenoble next Monday."

I grew a little uneasy.

"And I shall come back and marry Babette?" I asked.

My uncle smiled imperceptibly.

"Do not try to be as old as I am," said he. "Forget the sermon, and keep the ignorance of the valley. She has no thought of the autumn. She is given to the joy of her spring. She works on courageously. She hopes."

* * * * * * *

My strong summer was past, and my fruitful autumn had come. The sun was setting behind the oaks. The green plain was lost in vague serenity. Uncle Lazarus was growing weaker and weaker; his life was slowly fading out, like the faint rays that touched the tree tops.

"Oh, my dear valley," he murmured, "you bid me a tender farewell. I feared I should die in the winter."

We restrained our tears, fearing to disturb his holy passing away. Babette was praying softly, and our child was uttering faint cries. Uncle Lazarus heard him, and with a smile tried to turn to Babette.

"I have seen your child," said he; "I die very happy."

Then, laying back his head, he gave a feeble sigh; he entered death as men enter sleep.

Such was my autumn, which gave me a son, and bore away my Uncle Lazarus in the peace of twilight.

PART II.

January has sinister mornings which chill the heart. When I awoke that morning I was full of vague uneasiness. A thaw had come on in the night. A certain of fog concealed the horizon. The earth was covered with pools of water, and fragments of blackened snow lay about. In the distance the deep voice of the Durance was lifted up. I decided not to go to the fields that day. There was no lack of work in the house.

Jacques was already 8 years old, a tall, strong-armed fellow. He had no Uncle Lazarus to spoil him and teach him Latin. He was an unwearying worker, who would not allow me to set my hand to labor.

At 11 o'clock the door of the window I gave Jacques before the window. I gave him my hand, and beckoned to him. We dared not speak of Margaret.

"Father," said Jacques to me, in a half whisper, "there are already more than two meters of water in the yard, and the river is rising. We cannot stay here."

He was right. The house was crumbling. The danger was increasing rapidly, and we could hope for no human aid.

"We shall be crushed in the ruins," cried Jacques, in agony. "Let us find boards and make a raft."

I had a thousand times rather be on the middle of the river, with a few beams bound together under us, than under the roof of this falling house. But where could we find the timbers? We began to tear the furniture to pieces madly, and to wrench off the shutters and every piece of wood we could find. Then, knowing that these fragments were useless we threw them into the middle of the room, in a fury of despair.

We realized our misery and helplessness. I broke into sobs and clasped Babette in my

THE EAST.

Comparison of the Old and New Mail Routes.

THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE

It Issues an Appeal to the Public—A Man Who Hated But Respected Grant—News About the Northern Pacific

NEW YORK, Aug 15.—The *Tribune* says Since the establishment of the Pacific Mail it has of steamers between San Francisco and Australia the schedule time to Auckland, New Zealand, has been twenty-two and one-half days, and to Sydney, New South Wales, twenty-seven days. Mails leaving New York one week prior to the departure of the steamer from San Francisco make connection there, insuring the delivery of correspondence at Sydney within thirty four days, and at Melbourne within thirty-five days from the date of mailing at New York. Returning steamers leave Sydney about twelve days after their arrival at that port, and then eighty-two days are requisite for a round trip between New York and Sydney, the distance each way being 10,500 miles.

Merchants having business relations with New Zealand and Australia have adjusted their correspondence and shipments to this trustworthy schedule of arrivals and departures, and have been able to calculate to a day when letters must be mailed and goods shipped to make connections at San Francisco, as well as when replies, orders and remittances may be expected. For years this system worked admirably and has given American houses from ten to twenty days' advantage in point of time over their English competitors. This enables them to secure a valuable trade which otherwise would have gone to Europe

THE NEW ROUTE.

Contemplated changes, by which American mails will be despatched to Australia and New Zealand via England, Brindisi and Ceylon, involve their transportation for a much greater distance than by San Francisco, not only at a large increase in the expense of postage but also with serious loss of time. The distance from New York to Sydney, via London, exceeds 14,000 miles, and the average time consumed in passing from London to Sydney by this route is forty days, and in returning forty four days with an interval of twelve days between arrivals and departures from Sydney. The time necessary for a round trip between the cities last named is ninety-six days. Add to this the average time of seventeen days from New York to London and return, and it is clear that 113 days will be required for the transit of correspondence to and from Australia via England, as against eighty-two days via San Francisco This comparison shows thirty-one days in favor of the western route

Correspondence to New Zealand, which is 1800 miles this side of Sydney by the British route, must go first to Sydney and thence to Auckland, requiring an additional nine days for passage both ways, so that to reach that colony from New York by the contemplated route, and to receive a reply will consume 122 days, or forty days more than by the present route

WORSE AND WORSE.

The foregoing comparisons have been made with New York, as the initial point for American correspondence. If, however, Chicago, Kansas City, Denver and San Francisco are considered as initial points, the comparison will be found still more emphatic in favor of the Pacific route, since those important trade centers are so much nearer Australia by way of the western schedule, and so much further from it by the eastern Thus, while the round passage between San Francisco and Sydney by the Pacific line, including twelve days interval at the latter port, is only sixty-six days, the time in transmitting from San Francisco by way of England to Sydney and return consumes one hundred and twenty five days, showing a difference of fifty-nine days, or practically two months, against the postmaster-general's new departure

POSTAGE ALSO INCREASED

In the matter of increased postage, the comparison is still more unfavorable to the British scheme. While the rate of postage upon letters to the colonies of Victoria, New South Wales Queensland and New Zealand is, by recent enactments, the same by either route, the rate on that class of matter to the colonies in South Australia, West Australia and Tasmania, via England, is twelve cents per letter as against five cents by way of San Francisco Postage on newspapers to any of the colonies above named, via San Francisco, is two cents per copy with no limit as to weight. By the English schedule it is four cents for each four ounces or fraction thereof A newspaper which weighs over four ounces must carry stamps to the amount of eight cents when going by this new route, while via San Francisco the rate is only two cents. Here at least, is an increase of 100 per cent. postage, and in many cases 300 per cent On all other printed matter, books, circulars, etc., the rate via San Francisco is five cents for four ounces or fraction thereof, while by the proposed English route it is five cents for two ounces or fraction thereof Here is an increase of 25 per cent on the sum demanded on minimum packages.

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The National Committee Issues a Strong Appeal to the Country

CHICAGO, Aug 15—Delegates representing the Irish National leagues from nearly every state in the United States held a secret session here to-day, for the purpose of devising the best means of lending aid to Mr Parnell and his colleagues in the old country

During the conference of the national committee of the Irish league a dispatch from Charles Stewart Parnell was read, advising the meeting to fix upon a date subsequent to the English elections for the holding of the national convention

The following address was then read and adopted

"In obedience to the suggestion of the chosen leader of the people of Ireland, the national committee of the Irish league of America, assembled to designate a time and place for holding the next national convention of the league in the United States, have decided to postpone the date of the meeting until January, 1886 It must be manifest to all members of the league, and all friends of self-government in Ireland, that it would be impossible either for Mr Parnell to attend the convention in this country or to send any of his able associates, pending the general election, which will probably occur next November Hence the wisdom of his suggestion that the convention be postponed

THE WORK OF THE PARTY

In the meantime, however, the league should inaugurate a period of activity not less earnest and energetic than that which prevailed when Ireland was threatened with another artificial famine, and when her leaders were imprisoned and her press silenced, under the so-called liberal government. The party led by Mr Parnell needs support. How well that support is deserved we need hardly tell the world. Assuredly we need not tell men of Irish birth or descent. Serving without compensation, without official power or patronage, among aliens who have sought to degrade them numerically less than one-twentieth of the body in which they have achieved success unparalleled in the history of struggles for free government. By their ability their unity, their discipline, their faith in the justice of their cause, and by their restless labors they have forced not only their enemies but the world to look upon oppression and to listen to the sad tale of an outraged, plundered and misgoverned people. They have, with matchless skill, seized upon every opportunity to thrust before the world their cause It is one which will bear the scrutiny of light. They have never allowed it to be hidden. They blockaded legislation of the English parliament they objected to, postponed and defeated local legislation intended to foster and expedite English business interests, in retaliation for the dull brutal indifference which was shown to Irish interests. For the first time in English history it was impossible to extend the franchise privileges in England and Scotland, without giving Ireland absolute equality in the extension

OTHER WORK'S MENTS.

While they have not been able to compel it to disgorge the surplus of the unexpended fund raised to support the now disestablished church, they have wrung from the champions of that colossal robbery the admission that it belongs to the people of Ireland and have compelled the return of a portion of the stolen funds. They have not secured the land of Ireland for the people of Ireland but have forced the enactment of legislation which, although inadequate in its effects, is so extraordinary in its terms and concessions as to amount to a confession of the enormity of the system which has so long ground down and impoverished the Irish people They have not been able to get back Grattan's parliament for Ireland, but they boldly announce that no lesser measure will be accepted by them, and pending its restoration, though prohibited from governing Ireland, they have been able to dictate who must cease and who may assume the work of governing England They have driven the party of coercion, the party of judicial murder the party of eviction, the party which ... crept to imprison ideas when it thrust ... into dungeons, the party led by Gladstone, into disgraceful retirement from Dublin castle, and it may have shown that while Dublin castle was the home of so-called English rule alien and the seat of tyranny, its unnatural wickedness and imported English brutality made it only worthy of a site in ancient Sodom or Gomorrah, or modern London

Their labors have been herculean their accomplishment under the most adverse circumstances are almost miraculous When they next appear in parliament, their number will be increased from thirty to at least eighty They will have more or less of the only reliable English support—that which comes from fear—from a number of English members who will owe their election to the malicious exercise of the balance of power by excited Irish in England and Scotland. With that strength they will be able to throttle English legislation, and thus compel the English to allow them to retire from an atmosphere polluted by royal and aristocratic bestiality, and to establish a free parliament for the government of a free people in Ireland

AN APPEAL FOR HELP

In the accomplishment of this work they need one more great effort on the part of their American auxiliaries. We appeal to every branch of the league to give renewed life and determination to the work. We earnestly invite all who are not members to join the league, and we invite a loan of our rates, whether members of the league or not, to forward subscriptions for the parliamentary fund to Rev Charles O'Reilly, D D, treasurer, Detroit, Michigan.

At the convention to be held in January, it is more than probable that Mr Parnell will be present. I is certain that the Irish parliamentary party will be represented At that gathering the progress and condition of the Irish people will be stated to your representatives, and we believe, as we earnestly pray that the next convention after that will be one called to receive a delegation who come from the Irish parliament in College Green

In the evening a large demonstration was held at Cooper's grove, the same being attended by several thousand of the friends of the Irish cause. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated and decorated with banners and emblems suited to the occasion

Among the addresses delivered was one by Senator Riddleberger of Virginia. Alexander Sullivan, ex-president of the Irish American League of America, was called to the chair, and after speaking briefly of the object of the conference to-day and the league in general, introduced Senator Riddleberger in the following words "The distinguished American patriot who is to address you this evening does not claim, like Mr Lowell, that he is English He will not tell you, like Mr Phelps, that the Prince of Wales is a proper model for your sons, and that the English queen is our queen He does not believe, with some Americans, tha the United States sends a fleet an annex to Scotland yard He does not participate in mourning whenever a stone falls from the walls of modern Babylon."

NO PLACE SELECTED.

CHICAGO, Aug 15—The committee of Irish nationalists, in conference to-day, did not decide upon the place of holding the national convention in January but left the matter to the decision of Patrick Egan, president of the American league. The majority of the committee's members seemed to favor Chicago, and it is thought Mr Egan may so decide.

The executive committee of the Irish National league of America decided to-night to hold the national convention at Chicago in January The exact date will be fixed through correspondence between Parnell and Egan

EASTERN NEWS ITEMS.

THE ADMINISTRATION MILDLY INDORSED.

CLEVELAND, Aug 15.—The Democrats of Cuyahoga county met this morning to select delegates to the state convention The committee on resolutions were out for an hour and a half Several of the members wanted to commend President Cleveland's administration, others were anxious to return a mild indorsement, while still others were non-committal Extracts from the committee's report are as follows

"*Resolved* That the democratic party, having been in possession of the government ever since March last, and that a large number of offices are yet held by offensive republicans, therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we demand our secretaries and representatives to hasten the removal of all republicans in office, and the efficient democrats be placed in their positions."

The administration was then indorsed mildly

HE HATED BUT RESPECTED GRANT.

NEW YORK, Aug 15—More people visited Grant's tomb yesterday than on any day since Sunday The park police estimate be moved at 5,000 A tall, dimly built man approached a park officer and said he desired very much to enter the tomb He was told that his wish could not be granted He offered a large sum of money to the officer, and when only need that permission to enter the tomb could not be purchased, he said "I am a South Carolinian, and I would give $10 to enter the vault and stand by Grant's remains. It was mainly a desire to do this that brought me to New York, I have hated Grant for years. I may hate him in my heart, but I have to respect him for his bravery and square dealing He was a good man Finding that he could not enter the vault, the man from South Carolina walked away

THE JOHN ROACH FAILURE

NEW YORK, Aug 15—Schedules in the matter of the assignment of John Roach were filed in the clerk's office of the court of common pleas this morning Liabilities, $2,36,1877 nominal assets, $3,258,084, and actual assets, $4,167,418 Preferred creditors, with amounts and terms are, William Rowland, for money owned and work done, $ 2,71. Merchants and Traders' bank of Brooklyn $20,000, money loaned on note due September 19, 1885, secured by mortgage bonds of A H Reynolds and A Fred Crowell for $38,47 P W Gallaudet & Co, New York, $40,000, money loaned and advanced as follows $30,000 June 27, 1885, $10,000 July 11, 188 These loans were in advance of the sale of the notes of assignor and the amount due them is to be determined by adjustment of their account The total amount preferred is $12,2,17

CHICAGO PRODUCE MARKET

CHICAGO, Aug 15—Wheat ruled very weak and unsettled during the whole session and declined steadily, the fluctuation being confined within a range of about ½ to a point 9½ lower than the closing figures of yesterday It closed weak at 84, August 84, September, 80, October Corn weak and ½ and ¾ lower than yesterday It closed a 15½, August—September 45, October Oats easy, 30 August, 28¼, September, 24½ October Rye easy at 7 flax seed firm at $1 22½ Whisky steady at 8½ Pork easy $8 17½ August—September, $8 22 October Lard easy and 2½ and 5 lower than yesterday $6 20 August—September, $6 37½ October

POOR MAIL SERVICE.

CHICAGO, Aug 15—New York mails are still behind Commenting on the inconvenience to which the public has been subjected, the *Daily News* this evening says Chicago business men are justified in denouncing the bad management of the postal authorities in not ordering delayed mails sent via the Erie or Pennsylvania Central Such gross indifference to the necessities of the west should meet condemnation Under the present system of rapid transportation and prompt local de very business is conducted on a close margin of time, and the inexcusable withholding of the expected service is a matter little short of misdemeanor.

A MONSTER SECURED

PHILADELPHIA Aug 15—Dr David Hostette today concluded negotiations whereby he becomes sole owner of the Lehigh and Pennsylvania Fuel companies which were recently consolidated, and which constitute a natural gas plant worth over a million dollars The amount of the purchase is estimated at half a million dollars It will be likely followed by the consolidation of the Lehigh and the West ingouse companies which will establish a monopoly in the new fuel

RAILROAD NOTES

THE PROPOSED LEASE.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug 15—In the negotiations for the lease of the Oregon Railway & Navigation company's property by the Northern Pacific Railway company matters have advanced so far that the terms of the proposed lease having been approved by the Northern Pacific directors, they are to be submitted to the stockholders of the company at the annual meeting in September Charles B. Wright, former president of the Northern Pacific and still one of its most influential managers, is said to be opposed to the lease, for the alleged reason that it will make Portland the Pacific terminus of the road instead of Tacoma, where he has large real estate interests If the lease is consummated the company will be in possession of a through line to the Pacific, terminating at Portland It is not consummated the necessity of constructing the Cascade division terminating at Tacoma, will become of office imperative

THE NEW TRANSIT ROUTE.

NEW YORK Aug 15—The *Shipping List* says The Northern Pacific has been obtaining a good deal of gratuitous advertising by descriptions of its new route for shipping tea from China to the United States The new route is not, however, of importance. It is not likely to have any marked influence upon our trade with China, and it will not increase overland shipments of tea. The Sarr route will retain its supremacy for the reason that the tea tea is handled, and the shorter the railroad journey it has the better its condition when it arrives at its destination. The Sarr route will probably continue in favor east of the Rocky mountains."

GENERAL NEWS.

The Pacific Mail Will Complete its Contract.

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS ITEMS.

Hot Weather in California—The Father of Preller Interviewed in England—A Lull in Politics—Foreign Notes

WASHINGTON, Aug 15—The postoffice department has been informed that the Pacific Mail Steamship company will continue to carry certain mails until the expiration of its contract with the New Zealand government. Superintendent Bell of the foreign mail service has addressed a letter to the superintendent of the railway mail service as follows "I have the honor to inform you that the direct mail service from San Francisco to Australia has been resumed, and that mails for New Zealand and Australian colonies and correspondence for the Fiji and Samoan islands, will be despatched from San Francisco direct per steamer Zealandia, to sail thence on the 20th inst., and that until further notice all correspondence for the destination above named will be despatched from San Francisco direct unless specially addressed to be forwarded via Brindisi. The contract referred to expires November 20th

GRASSHOPPERS AND LOCUSTS.

WASHINGTON, Aug 15—Owing to rumors of injury by grasshoppers in parts of Montana the signal bureau has, at Professor Riley's request instructed its agents in the northwest to telegraph at once observations of injury or improvements, instead of sending them monthly as heretofore Prof Riley also sent an agent to the places whose reports confirm the previous statement that not only are there large numbers of this destructive locky mountain species at work, but the common native, and now migratory species, are also much more numerous than usual At Fort Buford and Poplar Pine agency locusts are very abundant, and destroying crops. On July 29, during the middle of the day, a large proportion of the Rocky mountain species left toward the east and southeast.

HAS NEWS FOR WHISKY MEN

WASHINGTON, Aug 15—Mr Miller, commissioner of internal revenue, yesterday telegraphed to all collectors who have been receiving transportation bonds in which the time specified for delivering the spirits at the port of exportation exceeds thirty days, that they are not to receive such bonds after the 15th inst. to day), thus virtually repealing the seven months clause contained in the circular of January 31, 1885, extending the bonded period The collections we further instructed that they are not to approve transportation bonds after the expiration of the period of three years mentioned, in the warehousing bond, thereby shorten ng the time by one month allowed under circular 25 of January 15, 1885

WILL PAY INDIAN SCRIP

WASHINGTON, Aug 15.—The secretary of the interior has authorized Indian officials to pay out $88,000, the proceeds of the sale of certain lands in Kansas, for the redemption of Kickapoo scrip The amount of scrip outstanding is $120,000, of which $88,000 has been presented The available funds will not be quite sufficient to pay the principal and interest of scrip presented, and they will be divided, pro rata, among scrip holders.

WILL ENFORCE REMOVAL OF CATTLE.

WASHINGTON, Aug 15.—The secretary of war has instructed Gen Miles, in command of the department of the Missouri, to hold troops in readiness to enforce the president's recent proclamation in relation to cattlemen on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservations. By the terms of the proclamation the cattlemen will be compelled in two days to remove their herds by September 4th The troops will be held at Fort Reno

A BETTER MAIL SERVICE.

WASHINGTON, Aug 15—The Guatemalan states have requested this government to forward the Guatemalan mail via New Orleans and Livingston This is the route which the post office department has already selected It has the advantage of six sailings per month, instead of three, as by the old route, and is eight days shorter

APPOINTED INDIAN AGENT

WASHINGTON Aug 15—Capt F E. Pierce, of the First infantry, has been appointed Indian agent at San Carlos agency It is probable that officers of the army will be placed in charge of all the agencies where Indians are found hereafter

CALIFORNIA.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug 15—For some time the methods of the custom house, in connection with Chinese immigration, have been openly criticised So far has this gone that Secretary Manning is reported to have promised an investigation Collector Sears says that he has no knowledge that any such investigation will occur, or that any charges have been made to Secretary Manning Collector Sears and Surveyor Morton both say that they are willing that the entire matter should be investigated Both these officials also say that they have investigated rumors concerning subordinates, and that they have not been able to find any one to substantiate these rumors Both say that they have not found anything calculated to impeach the integrity of any employe or ex-employe

A HORRIBLE SIGHT

While engaged in raiding Chinatown this morning, in search of cubic air law violators, the officers found a leper in the last stage of the horrid disease When being searched at the city prison one of the wretch's fingers was knocked off He presented a most shocking spectacle of physical corruption

TODAY'S WEATHER

5 P M—Weather indications for the next thirty-two hours—north and middle Pacific, fair South Pacific, fair, excepting the southwestern port, light local rains

THE ENGLISH BOY SWINDLE.

LOS ANGELES, Aug 15—Nine more victimized English boys have turned up, aged 14 to 7. Their fathers in England were induced to pay £20 entrance fee for their sons to "go up" on fruit farms in California, at $5 per month, and be "treated as members of the family" The firm's headquarters is at 41 Finsbury pavement, London Their agent here gets $12 apiece for providing each boy with a home. Their passage here, which they pay themselves, is $75 When a boy gets here he finds he could have done it all himself, and that the promised situation is never forthcoming Nearly forty cases have thus far been discovered

HOT WEATHER.

UKIAH, Aug 15.—To-day has been the hottest of the season The thermometer marked 112 degrees in the shade

MODESTO Aug 15—An intense hot spell has been with us to-day A thermometer in the *News* office registered 80 at 10 o'clock this morning, 102 at noon, and 106 at 3 o'clock. This was in a frame building the thermometer swinging clear of the walls At 5 o'clock, in a large brick building, 102 was considered to be the coolest place in town

THE PRINDLE MURDER TRIAL

OAKLAND, Aug 15—11 P M—The jury in the case of Prindle, on trial for the murder of Dr Buck, in the latter part of May, has been out fifty-five hours, and has been locked up on it Monday morning. They stand nine for acquittal and three for conviction

NEVADA

A BAD MAN ARRESTED

VIRGINIA Aug 15—Mike Mcgowan known as the ringleader being refused liquor at the Eldorado saloon to-day attempted to kill Valkeleen barkeeper by firing two heavy tumblers at his head He missed the barkeeper, but broke a mirror valued at $ 50 The mirror was the largest in the state, being twenty feet long and ten feet high, of the finest French plate glass, a quarter of an inch thick. Mcgowan was arrested and jailed on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill

ENGLAND

PRELLER'S FATHER INTERVIEWED

NEW YORK, Aug 15—The *Herald's* London special says The father and brother of Preller the young Englishman murdered at St Louis were shown to-day, by a correspondent, the interference card of Mr Maxwell While at first inclined to be highly indignant at such a strong reflection on the murdered man, they finally said the statement was so ridiculous that it could only end in convicting Maxwell Preller's father is a gray haired man to whom the recital of the horrible circumstances attending his son's murder has been extremely painful.

The father said "My son was a young man of excellent habits and quiet tastes He had the best of prospects in life, and a good salary, He might have made more than the insurance policy calls for on that one trip He had no money difficulties and his tastes were of such a nature that total disappearance from all his musical and all other friends would be a thing impossible for him to consider, even though it were possible for him to benefit largely by such disappearance. I cannot see how he would benefit at all, for he would lose by it an excellent position and brilliant prospects. He knew nothing of Maxwell here. They were merely steamer acquaintances, drawn together by my son's fondness for music."

Neither Preller nor his son will go to St Louis to attend the trial, as they think nothing would be gained by so doing. Trunks, boxes, etc., belonging to young Preller have been forwarded from St. Louis, and prove never to have been touched since they were packed at his home in England

A LULL IN POLITICS.

LONDON Aug 15—There is a dead lull in British politics at present. Most of the ministers and leading politicians are enjoying themselves in the country The Marquis of Salisbury has gone to Halifax to go on a vacation, Lord Randolph Churchill is visiting the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim castle The duke has definitely abandoned the liberal party, and joined the tories Lord Iddesleigh has gone to Pyne, near Exeter The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, secretary of state for Scotland, has retired to his castle on the Surry

MARRIAGE OF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

LONDON, Aug 15—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was married this afternoon to an American lady named Amy Augusta Jackson Lawford The wedding ceremonies were conducted privately A special license was granted August 10, so that the marriage could take place at any time of the day that the parties wished.

WILL MAKE IT USEFUL SOMEWHERE

LONDON, Aug 15—The government will utilize the material intended for the Suakim and Berber railway, in connecting the forts at Chatham, Portsmouth and Plymouth, which will also be connected with the great railway line, in order to provide ready transportation for troops, in case of necessity

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC

AT GIBRALTAR

GIBRALTAR, Aug 15.—The existence of cholera within Spanish lines was officially declared to-day, and the disease is spreading. There were four deaths here to-day from cholera, traced to infection contracted on Spanish soil A deputation waited upon the governor of Gibraltar to-day and requested him to shut off communication with Spain. This he refused to do The panic increases hourly, and the exodus grows correspondingly The populace is greatly disconcerted over the conduct of the military authorities in refusing to adopt necessary precautions against the introduction of cholera from other countries.

SANITARY MEASURES TAKEN IN PARIS.

PARIS, Aug 15—Stringent measures are being taken to keep cholera away from this city All travelers from the south are quarantined, and the streets are cleaned every night. The *Paris National* the first journal to announce the appearance of cholera at Marseilles, insists that the number of deaths that have occurred there from the disease is still much underrated

AT MARSEILLES

MARSEILLES, Aug 15—There were 10 deaths from cholera during the past twenty four hours ending at noon to-day

FRIDAY'S RECORD.

MADRID, Aug 15.—There were 4 new cases of cholera and 1840 deaths yesterday throughout Spain

SPORTING NOTES

RACES AT SARATOGA.

SARATOGA, Aug 15—Third regular day of the second race meeting

First race for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile—Won by Maude Hunt, Mollie McCarthy's Last second and Ed Carrigan third time, 1 18.

Second race, handicap sweepstakes, one mile and one furlong—Won by Wall Flower, Bessie second, Maggie third time, 1 58.

Third race, Foxhall stakes for 3-year-olds, one mile and five furlongs—Won by Blarson, with Irish Pat second, Cinq Pete third, time, 2 00½

Fourth race, one mile, won by Monogram, with Pearl Jennings a close second, and Decoy Duck third time, 1 45½

Fifth race, three-quarter mile won by Sabetta, with Charley Marks second and Hero third time, 1 17

MONMOUTH PARK RACES.

MONMOUTH PARK Aug 15—Weather fine, track fast, attendance large

Mile and a sixteenth Heel and Toe won Pamyque second, Duplex third time, 1 51

Three-quarters mile, two-year-olds Pure Rye won, Precissa second Housatonic third time, 1 14

Mile, three year olds Juliette Colt won, Sylphide second, Hopedale third time, 1 53

Mile and three-eighths Colonel won, Keene second, Tolu third time, 2 20½

Seven furlongs Flimendorf won Elizabeth second, Judge Griffith third time, 1 31

Three-quarters mile, three-year-olds and upward Queen Esther won, Petersburg second. Detective third time 1 16

Steeple chase full course Sun Star won, Wellington second, Confalon third time, 5 11

BRIGHTON BEACH RACES

BRIGHTON BEACH, Aug 15—Weather charming, track slow after intense heat

Mile—Boy Rebel won, Bonne Bouche second, Marie third time 1 42

Seven-eighths mile—Hotchkimme won, Wensel second, Hickory Jim third time, 1 32

Mile and a quarter—Logan won Fax-Gatherer second Three Cheers third time, 2 12

Mile and an eighth all ages—Tattler won, King Con second, Bonanza third time, 1 58½

Mile—Joquita won, Miss Goodrich second, Barney Aaron third time, 1 45

Three-quarters mile, 2 year olds—Lallula won, Petticoat second Soprana third time, 1 18

BASEBALL.

LOUISVILLE, Aug 15—Louisville 5, Pittsburg 7

DETROIT, Aug 15—Detroits 4, Chicago 2

PHILADELPHIA Aug, 15—Athletics 1, Brooklyn 8.

NEW YORK, Aug 15—Metropolitans 14, Baltimores 6.

ST LOUIS, Aug 15—St Louis 4, Cincinnati 1

PROVIDENCE, Aug 15—New York 12, Providence 2.

BOSTON, Aug 15—Boston 7, Philadelphia 2

Buffalo, Aug 15—Buffalo 17, St Louis 6

MISS CLEVELAND'S BOOK

NEW YORK, Aug 15—Miss Cleveland's book has been dropping in its sales for the past two weeks. The publishers said to-day that they did not think the entire sales, from first to last, would exceed 50,000 copies. An illustrated edition of the book is now being prepared, and translations are nearly ready for sale in Russia, Italy, France and Germany Miss Cleveland's income from the book has been variously stated to be from $25,000 to $50,000, but the publishers laugh at any such figures, and intimate that the president's sister will receive not more than ten cents for each copy sold

AGITATION IN COLORED CIRCLES

CAMILLE, Iowa, Aug 15—Colored church circles are excited here Last Sunday night Anna Sapp, 14 years old, attended the Methodist church and during the excitement was baptized This coming to the ears of her aunt and guardian, Mrs. Rose, a strong Baptist, she swore out a warrant against the preacher for assault on her niece, pouring in pouring water on Anna's head against her will. The preacher has now sued out a warrant against Mrs Rose for disturbing public worship

BODY OF PRELLER EXHUMED

ST LOUIS Aug 15—The body of Preller was exhumed this afternoon, to determine whether it be worth the while to summon witnesses to identify it when Maxwell is put on trial. The remains, which were embalmed before burial, were found in excellent preservation, and looking even better than when interred The probabilities are that the friends of the deceased will be brought here from the East. If Canada be identify the body The trial of Maxwell will not take place until October

CITY CHOLERA NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug 15—Coroner Beale, of Camden, and jury to-day made a thorough investigation into the case of Margaret Keasley who died at Kirkwood Tuesday, and they declare it was not of Asiatic cholera, as was supposed, but that she died of cholera morbus caused by eating green apples

WASHINGTON, Aug 15—An officer of the marine hospital service has been instructed to investigate the alleged case of cholera in Camden New Jersey

OPPOSED TO THE BARGAIN

HARRISBURG, Aug 15—It is confidentially asserted in official circles that the attorney general will interpose to prevent consummation of the bargain between Vanderbilt and the Pennsylvania railroad company, by which the South Pennsylvania and Beach Creek railroads come under the control of the Pennsylvania railroad

A G A R IDEA

CINCINNATI Aug 15—The G A R has considered a suggestion to buy the lot at Pt Pleasant Ohio, on which stands the house where Gen Grant was born Their idea was to purchase it lot on the assumption that the house would be sold to some one else Nothing definite, however has yet been decided upon

EPIDEMIC IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

NEW YORK Aug 15—Typhoid fever has made its appearance in the New Jersey asylum for the insane, at Morris Plains, and over a dozen persons are prostrated with the disease, which is supposed to have originated in bad drainage

EXPORTS OF SPECIE

NEW YORK Aug 15—The total exports of specie from this port during the past week were $550,22 Of this amount, exports to Europe were $124,496 gold and $388,152 silver, and to Havana the amount was $2,550

No specific suggestion can paint the luminous power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists

AMONG THE BOOKS.

Some of the Late Productions of our Publishing Houses

Personal Gossip and Literary Notes—Extracts and Information of Interest to all Book Lovers and Buyers

AULNAY TOWER By Blanche Willis Howard Published by Ticknor & Co, Boston

The new house of Ticknor & Co, successors to the old firm of James R. Osgood & Co, have published their maiden volume in 'Aulnay Tower," by Blanche Willis Howard No better selection could have been made in the realm of fiction with which to introduce themselves to the reading public "Aulnay Tower" is a story of the last days of the Franco-Prussian war, and the scene of action is the little town of Aulnay, county seat of Marquis de Montauban, a cavalier of the old French school The marquis, who is a legitimist in principle, is not in sympathy with the defenders of Paris, and shuts himself up in his castle with a beautiful widowed niece, Countess Nathalie, and his confessor, a crafty old abbe The exigencies of war bring the German army in the neighborhood, and a general of division with his numerous staff are quartered on the marquis A handsome and scholarly young adjutant, Lieut. Nordenfels, falls in love with the countess during their stay, and successfully woos the haughty lady The action of the story is rapid, and the characters well drawn Manet e, the vivacious waiting maid, the shrewd, smooth talking abbe, and the bluff, but kind-hearted German officers, soon create an atmosphere from which the reader dislikes to depart until the last page is reached. "Aulnay Tower" is not as strong a story as "Ruenal," but it is a charming one, and will not disappoint those who regard Miss Howard as one of our best American novelists [W B Ayer & Co]

ANNAPOLIS AND OTHER POEMS By Mrs Allerton Published by John B Alden, New York

Among the innumerable number of persons who have seen forth to the world volumes of what they called poems during the past ten years, but few have shown indications of poetic genius An occasional writer, like Miss Edith M Thomas, has risen above the flood of mediocrity and given evidence of the "divine spark," but such cases are exceptional. In Mrs. Allerton's little collection are several specimens much superior to the average production of the verse writer Although she modestly states herself to be a plain farmer's wife, writing solely for her own gratification, she betrays more than ordinary skill in constructing her verse, and occasionally soars into the realms of genuine poesy Perhaps the best of the collection is the following

A DIRGE

The wind of autumn blows
So cold so cold
The wind of autumn blows
Dead is the summer rose
And the withered grass lie trotting on the mould

The frost creeps round the door
So still so still
The frost creeps round the door
The cricket sings no more
No more at twilight pleads the whippoorwill

But I hear the owlet's cry
From its forlorn
I hear the owlet's cry
When the evening noon is high
And the raccoon's greedy call among the corn

I mourn the summer dead
So soon so soon
I mourn the summer dead
While all its glory fled
And I stand beneath the frosty waning moon

And I think how life is gone
So fast so fast
I think how life is gone
How we scarce six half our manner tasks
It is not often that amateur poets equal this, and Miss Allerton may take heart at having soared considerably above the dead level in which most of our own latter day versifiers flounder

NIHILISM IN THE NORTH By Lieutenant Ivan Schwatka. Published by Russell & Co New York

Lieutenant Schwatka is so well known by all of our readers that anything writ en by him will have an interest distinct from its merit as a literary production. The present volume is however, of sufficient interest to please every reader who opens its leaves. The title suggests its contents, which comprise a series of sketches of hunting adventures in the far North, mainly those participated in by the author As will be remembered Lieutenant Schwatka passed a large portion of three years in the northern regions of British America during 1878 79 80 and while there acquired enough sporting lore to make a very enjoyable volume of anecdote and incident. He describes the methods of hunting in vogue among the native tribes, interspersed with many thrilling incidents of the dangers which surround the hunter, especially of the polar bear The habits of the game of the polar region form an instructive portion of the volume, and much information of a novel kind may be obtained from the study The polar bear, musk ox, reindeer, walrus and seals, fishes of the northern seas Eskimo dogs and general sporting adventures in Alaska form the leading topics treated, and it would be difficult to find a more instructive as well as interesting book on the same subject The author's style is graphic and modest, seeking rather to convey information than to boast of personal exploits The native humor of the Lieutenant occasionally crops out where a ludicrous incident affords opportunity for its proper display, and his is not at all backward in relating mishaps where it is likely the reader will enjoy the fun Typographically the book is a handsome one, clearly printed on heavy paper and bound with an elaborate and appropriately designed cover [E Belcum & Co]

LITERARY NOTES

Thomas Hughes, the well-known English author, is writing a biography of Peter Cooper, the great American philanthropist.

Professor Andrew D White late of Cornell university, is said to have the finest historical library of any person in America

Messrs Roberts Brothers have in the press a new novel entitled Andromeda by the lady who writes over the pen name of George Fleming

Mrs Caroline H Dall is preparing a new volume entitled "What We Actually Know about Shakespeare." It will be a very small volume, or beside the mark

Professor Arminius Vambery's new work on the coming struggle between Russia and England for the possession of India has made its appearance in England

In a new volume entitled "The Murder of Amy Robsart a Brief for the Prosecution Mr Walter Rye will soon throw some new light upon the unhappy fate of that young lady

The success of the new magazine Queries has been such that it is now contemplated to add several new features and increase its size soon It has a field peculiarly its own, and fills it well

Mr Frederick Harrison is collecting, and will shortly republish the essays and review of a purely literary character contributed by him during the last twenty years to English magazines and quarterlies

A diary kept by Goethe from 1776 to 1850, with a gap between 1782 and 1796, has been discovered at Weimar, among the possessions of Walter von Goethe, with an enormous number of other manuscripts and letters

Some Incidents of Dahlgren's Raid are given in *The Current* of August 8, by James W Owens an ex Confederate soldier who participated in the events of that famous adventure, by one of the bravest men who ever led a Union charge

Cassell & Co of New York, have a new novel in press which is said to be of rare interest, and great originality of plot. It is entitled "As it is Written," and is a story of the Jewish race, the author being a young New York gentleman, Sydney Tosta by name

Roberts Bros., of Boston, announce for early publication an American edition of "Memoirs of Karoline Bauer," "Pierre Corrigi," one of Balzac's best novels, "Paris in Old and Present Times," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton and "A Little Country Girl," by Susan Coolidge

In the first number of the series of "Military Biographies," Lieut. Grifin, of the United States engineer corps, gives a brief history of "Our Sea Coast Defences," and their condition to-day, as well as some strong arguments in favor of sea coast fortifications, and suggestions as to how our important harbors should be provided with them. He concludes his monograph with some valuable points concerning the application of armor to land batteries

D. Lothrop & Co, of Boston, announce for early publication "Success," a compilation of useful hints to young people as to the best manner of getting along in the world, and "Echoes of Many Voices," a book of selections, by Mrs E A. Thurston, to appear in the "Spare Minute Series."

Fords, Howard & Hulbert have issued a handy little flexible covered volume containing the late revised edition of the "Book of Psalms" The revision in the text is that of the American committee, the change of the English committee having been inserted in the appendix at the end of the volume

"Harper's Handy Series" is giving general satisfaction to the reading public. The name is an appropriate one, and the light literature of which the weekly numbers are composed is of the best The latest addition to the series is "Mrs. Keith's Crime," a singular and powerful story of European life

Macmillan & Co have succeeded in making the *English Illustrated Magazine* the best cheap magazine in America. The number for August contains several excellent articles, and another installment of Walter Crane's "The Sirens Three," illustrated in a novel and charming manner Macmillan & Co, New York.

Mme Lacroix, wife of Jules Lacroix, translator of Sophocles and Shakspeare, died in Paris recently, at the advanced age of 90 years. Mme Lacroix for many years presided over a brilliant circle of literary celebrities at her residence in Paris, and was a friend of Countess Hanska, the wife of Balzac, the great novelist.

At a recent sale of autographs in London the manuscript of Byron's "Siege of Corinth" fetched $575, and the manuscript of his "Prometheus" $150 Twelve autograph letters of Dickens went for only $80, and the manuscripts of Disraeli's "Infander" and "Ixion in Heaven" for $50 An autograph letter of Washington to the Earl of Buchan realized $150

Mr Frederick Locker who is at once a charming poet and an indefatigable book collector, is passing through the press a descriptive catalogue of the most valuable of his books and autographs They are rich in rare early editions of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists, Shakspeare, Spenser, Jonson, and their fellows and in first editions of the American poets and novelists, Bryant Poe Longfellow, Hawthorne, Irving, Bret Harte, etc.

The death of Richard Monckton Milnes Baron Houghton, last week, removed from the literary world one of the most polished critics that ever adorned it. Lord Houghton was born in 1809, and the active period of his life was during the past generation A poet of no mean distinction, and author of several prose volumes, his fame largely rests upon his critical taste and the work he performed in editing the works and writing the life of Keats. As a legislator Mr Milnes was liberal minded and philanthropic. He was raised to the peerage as Baron Houghton of England in 1863

One of the daintiest of volumes issued this summer is "A Canterbury Pilgrimage, from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons. It is a small, neatly printed volume, with quaint illustrations, designed by the authors, and a still quainter paper cover Mr and Mrs. Pennell rode from London to Canterbury on a tricycle, and a description of the pleasant